KONINGSMARKE,

THE LONG FINNE,

A STORY

OF THE NEW WORLD.

"This affair being taken into consideration, it was adjudged that Koningsmarke, commonly called the Long Finne, deserved to die; yet, in regard that many concerned in the affair being simple and ignorant people, it was thought fit to order that the Long Finne should be severely * * * * *."

Fragment of Minutes of Council in New-York.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

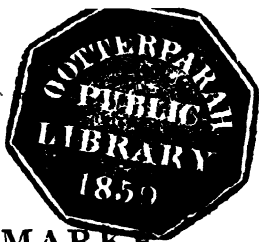
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KONINGSMARKE,

THE LONG FINNE.

BOOK FIRST.

CHAPTER I.

As HISTORY receives a great portion of its dignity and importance, not from the magnitude of those events which it records, but from the rank and consequence of the personages that figure in the great drama of the world, so in like manner doth every work of fiction depend upon the same cause for its interest. Every word and action of a legitimate monarch, for instance, is matter of infinite moment, not only to the present

age, but to posterity; and it is consequently carefully recorded in books of history. If he take a ride, or go to church, it is considered, especially the latter event, such a rarity that nothing will do but it must be set down in the chronicles.

Hence the vast advantages accruing to an author from the discreet choice of his characters, whose actions, provided they are persons of a proper rank, may be both vulgar and insignificant, without either tiring or disgusting the reader. The hero, provided he be right royal, or even noble, may turn his palace into a brothel, or commit the most paltry meannesses, without losing his character; and the heroine, if she be only of sufficient rank, may, by virtue of her prerogative, swear like a fisherwoman, without being thought in the least vulgar. The most

delicate and virtuous female, properly imbued with a taste for the extempore historical novel, does not mind being introduced, by a popular author, into the company of strumpets, pimps, and their dignified employers, whose titles and patents of nobility give them the privilege of doing things that would disgrace the vulgar, who, poor souls, have no way of becoming tolerably respectable, but by conforming to the common decencies of life. So also, a Duke of Buckingham, a Sir Charles Sedley, or any other distinguished person, *historically witty*, may be made by an author as coarse, flat, and vulgar in his conversations, as the said author himself, who puts the words into his mouth, and, ten to one, the reader will think he is banqueting on the quintessence of refined wit and humour.

A Sheffield may be made to talk about his titled mistresses to his valet, as if he were the lowest bully of a brothel; and yet readers, who would shrink with disgust from the latter, will chance to admire the former, simply from the difference between the rank of the two persons. Not to multiply particular instances, we may lay it down as a general rule, that the dignity of actions, the refinement of morals, and the sharpness of wit, is exactly in proportion to the rank and quality of the characters to whom they appertain.

For the reasons above stated, we here take special occasion to remind the reader, that most of our principal characters are fully entitled, by their rank and dignity, to the privilege of being dull and vulgar, without forfeiting his respect

or admiration. The Heer Piper, though not actually a king himself, is the representative of a king. He also held, or at least claimed, sovereign sway over a space of country as large at least as Great Britain, and was as little subject to any laws, except of his own making, as the most mortal tyrant in Christendom. We see, therefore, no particular reason why he may not be allowed to swear, without being thought indecent, as well as Elizabeth, Harry the Fourth, or any other swearing potentate on record.

We also claim the benefit of sublimity for the effusions of Bombie of the Frizzled Head; who, as before stated, was the wife and daughter of an African monarch, superior in state and dignity to any European legitimate; because he could actually sell his subjects, whereas

the latter are only entitled to pick their pockets. If it be objected that she is a slave, we would observe, that this misfortune, this reverse of fate, only renders her the more sublimely interesting, as exhibiting in her person an awful example of the uncertainty of all humam grandeur. Kings and queens have often been bought and sold ; and, as a king of Cyprus was once publicly exhibited for sale in the market of Rome, so may it possibly happen, before some of our readers die, that others, of the race which has so long domineered over mankind, may be made to exhibit examples equally striking, of the mutability of fortune. We caution our readers also to bear in mind, that that likely fellow Cupid has also a portion of the blood royal in his veins, the effects of which,

we trust, will be strikingly exemplified in the course of this history.

If, after all, the reader should object that this is mere second-hand royalty, and be inclined to pronounce the awful condemnation of vulgarity upon us and our book, we here take this opportunity to pledge ourselves, in the course of a few succeeding chapters, to introduce some genuine legitimate monarchs, full-blooded, and with pedigrees equal to that of a Turkish horse, or the renowned Eclipse himself, meaning not, however, to detract either from the merits of Mr. Van Ranst or his horse, by this latter assertion.

CHAPTER II.

"How like you my orations? All confess me
Above the three great orators of Rome,
Marcus, Tullius, and Cicero,
The greatest of them all."

Now the laughing, jolly spring, began sometimes to show her buxom face in the bright morning; but ever and anon, meeting the angry frown of winter, loath to resign his rough sway over the wide realm of nature, she would retire again into her southern bower. Yet, though her visits were at first but short, her very look seemed to exercise a magic influence. The buds began slowly to expand their close winter folds; the dark and melancholy woods to assume

an almost imperceptible purple tint; and here and there a little chirping blue-bird hopped about the orchards of Elsingburgh. Strips of fresh green appeared along the brooks, now released from their icy fetters; and nests of little variegated flowers, nameless, yet richly deserving a name, sprung up in the sheltered recesses of the leafless woods. By and by, the shad, the harbinger at once of spring and plenty, came up the river before the wild southern breeze; the ruddy blossoms of the peach-tree exhibited their gorgeous pageantry; the little lambs appeared frisking and gamboling about the sedate mother; young innocent calves began their first bleatings: the cackling hen announced her daily feat, in the barn-yard, with clamorous astonishment; every day added

to the appearance of that active vegetable and animal life, which nature presents in the progress of the genial spring; and finally, the flowers, the zephyrs, the warblers, and the maidens' rosy cheeks, announced to the eye, the ear, the senses, the fancy, and the heart, the return, and the stay of the vernal year.

But the sprightly song, the harmony of nature, the rural blessings, and the awakened charms of spring, failed to bring back peace or joy to the bosom of our blue-eyed maid. Every heart seemed glad save hers; and the roses grew every where but on the cheek of Christina.

Yet, however interested we may be for the repose and happiness of that gentle girl, we are compelled to lose sight of her for a while, in order to at-

tend to matters indispensable to the progress of our history.

At the period of which we are writing, the whole of both banks of the Delaware, from the Horakill, now Lewiston, to Elsingburgh, was in a state of nature. The country had been granted by different monarchs to different persons, who had, from time to time, purchased of the Indians large tracts of country, of which but a very inconsiderable portion, just about their forts, was cultivated. Above Elsingburgh, was the settlement of Coaquanock, on the same side of the Delaware; and higher up was Chygoos, and the Falls settlement, where Trenton now stands. Beyond this, establishments had been formed, and small villages built, at Elizabeth-Town, Bergen, Middletown, Shrewsbury, Amboy, and, per-

haps a few other places. With little exceptions, all the settlers dwelt in villages for their security against the Indians, having their farms scattered around, which they cultivated with arms in their hands.

In the intermediate spaces, between these distant settlements, resided various small tribes of Indians, who sometimes maintained friendly relations with their new neighbours, at others committed depredations and murders. The early settlers of this country were, perhaps, as extraordinary a race of people as ever existed. Totally unwarlike in their habits, they ventured upon a new world, and came, few in numbers, fearlessly into the society and within the power of a numerous race of savages. The virtuous and illustrious William Penn, and

his followers, whose principles and practice were those of non-resistance, and who held even self-defence unlawful, trusted themselves to the wilds, not with arms in their hands, to fight their way among the wild Indians, but with the olive branch, to interchange the peaceful relations of social life. There was in these adventurers generally, a degree of moral courage, faith, perseverance, hardihood, and love of independence, civil and religious, that enabled them to do with the most limited means, what, with the most ample, others have failed in achieving. We cannot read their early history, and dwell upon the patient endurance of labours and dangers on the part of the men, of heroic faith and constancy on that of the women, without feeling our eyes moisten, our

hearts expand with affectionate admiration of these our noble ancestors, who watered the young tree of liberty with their tears, and secured to themselves and their posterity the noblest of all privileges, that of worshipping God according to their consciences, at the price of their blood.

The character of the Indian nations, which inhabited these portions of the country, and indeed that of all the various tribes of savages in North America, was pretty uniform. Like all ignorant people, they were very superstitious. When the great comet appeared in 1680, a Sachem was asked what he thought of its appearance. "It signifies," said he, "that we Indians shall melt away, and this country be inhabited by another people." They had a great

veneration for their ancient burying-grounds; and when any of their friends or relatives died at a great distance, would bring their bones to be interred in the ancient cemetery of the tribe. Nothing, in after times, excited a deeper vengeance against the white people, than their ploughing up the ground where the bones of their fathers had been deposited. When well treated, they were kind and liberal to the strangers; but were naturally reserved, apt to resent, to conceal their resentment, and retain it a long time. But their remembrance of benefits was equally tenacious, and they never forgot the obligations of hospitality

An old Indian used to visit the house of a worthy farmer at Middletown in

New-Jersey, where he was always hospitably received and kindly entertained. One day the wife of the farmer observed the Indian to be more pensive than usual, and to sigh heavily at intervals. She inquired what was the matter, when he replied, that he had something to tell her, which, if it were known, would cost him his life. On being further pressed, he disclosed a plot of the Indians, who were that night to surprise the village, and murder all the inhabitants. "I never yet deceived thee," cried the old man; "tell thy husband that he may tell his white brothers; but let no one else know that I have seen thee to-day." The husband collected the men of the village to watch that night. About twelve o'clock they heard the war-whoop; but

the Indians perceiving them on their guard, consented to a treaty of peace, which they never afterwards violated.

Their ideas of justice were nearly confined to the revenging of injuries; but an offender who was taken in attempting to escape the punishment of a crime, submitted to the will of his tribe, without a murmur. On one occasion, a chief named Tashyowican lost a sister by the small-pox, the introduction of which by the whites was one great occasion of the hostility of the Indians. "The Maneto of the white man has killed my sister," said he, "and I will go kill the white man." Accordingly, taking a friend with him, they set upon and killed a settler of the name of Huggins. On receiving information of this outrage, the settlers demanded sa-

tisfaction of the tribe to which Tashyowican belonged, threatening severe retaliation if it were refused. The Sachems despatched two Indians to take him, dead or alive. On coming to his wigwam, Tashyowican, suspecting their designs, asked if they intended to kill him? They replied, "no—but the Sachems have ordered you to die." "And what do you say, brothers?" replied he. "We say you must die," answered they. Tashyowican then covered his eyes, and cried out "kill me!" upon which they shot him through the heart.

Previous to their intercourse with the whites, they had few vices, as their state of society furnished them with few temptations; and these vices were counterbalanced by many good, not to say great qualities. But, by degrees, they

afterwards become corrupted by that universal curse of their race, spirituous liquors, the seductions of which the best and greatest of them could not resist. It is this which has caused their tribes to wither away, leaving nothing behind but a name, which will soon be forgotten, or, at best, but a miserable remnant of degenerate beings, whose minds are debased, and whose forms exhibit nothing of that tall and stately majesty which once characterized the monarchs of the forest.

But the most universal and remarkable trait in the character of the red-men of North America, was a gravity of deportment, almost approaching to melancholy. It seemed as if they had a presentiment of the fate which awaited them in the increasing numbers of the

white strangers; and it is certain, that there were many traditions and prophecies among them, which seemed to indicate the final ruin and extinction of their race. Their faces bore the expression of habitual melancholy; and it was observed that they never laughed or were gay, except in their drunken feasts, which, however, generally ended in outrage and bloodshed. The little Christina always called them THE SAD PEOPLE; and the phrase aptly expressed their peculiar character.

It is little to be wondered at, if two races of men, so totally distinct in habits, manners, and interests, and withal objects of mutual jealousy, suspicion and fear, should be oftener enemies than friends. Every little singularity observed in the actions and deportment of each

other, accordingly gave rise to suspicion, often followed by outrage; and every little robbery committed on the property of cither, was ascribed to the other party, so that the history of their early intercourse with each other, is little other than a narrative of bickerings and bloodshed. Thus they continued, until it finally happened in the new, as it hath always happened in the old world, that the "wise white-man" gained a final ascendency, and transmitted it to his posterity.

About the period to which our history has now brought us, there existed considerable misunderstanding between the Heer Piper and the neighbouring tribes. A mill had been built near the mouth of the little river, which being damned across, the shad and herrings, which

formed the principal portion of their food at this season, could no longer ascend the stream into the interior of the country, where the Indians came in the spring to fish. The Indians had likewise drank up the liquor, expended the powder, and worn out the watch-coats they had received for a large territory they had sold to the Swedish government; and, as usual on such occasions, began to be sick of their bargain. The Sachems also complained that Dominie Kanttwell had been tampering with some of their people, and, in attempting to teach them to be good christians, had only taught them to drink rum, and made them bad Indians.

On the other hand, the Heer Piper charged them with trespassing on the rights of his Swedish Majesty, by hunt-

ing on the lands ceded by them in fair purchase. He also hinted his suspicions of a design on their part to surprise the town of Elsingburgh, which suspicion he founded upon some mysterious hints of the Snow Ball, who of late had given vent to certain inexplicable obscurities. Dominie Kanttwell, too, was horribly out of humour, in consequence of having been sorely puzzled in argument, not long since, by a sly old Sachem whom he attempted to convert to what he assured him was the only true faith. The old Sachem listened till he had done, it being their custom never to interrupt any person in speaking, and then replied with great gravity :—

" Brother, you say your religion is the only true religion in the world—good : I have been in Canada, and there

they told me theirs was the only true religion—good: I have been at Boston, where they assured me the religion of the people of Canada was the religion of the bad spirit, and that theirs was the only true one—good: I have been at the Manhattans, where they called the white people of Boston bad people, and said they had no religion—good: I have been at Coaquanock, among the *Big Hats,* and they told me the religion of the Manhattans was not the right sort—good: I am here, and you say, brother, ours is the only good religion, and you must believe like me—good; But, brother, which am I to believe? You say, all of you, that the good book out of which you preach is what you all take for your guide, and that it is written by the Great Spirit himself, yet you all

differ among yourselves. Now, brother, hear what I have got to say. As soon as you shall agree among yourselves which is the true religion, I shall think of joining you. Good."

To explain these apparent contradictions to the capacity of a man of nature, was out of the question. Indians cannot comprehend metaphysical subtleties, and the religion calculated for a state of society like theirs, must be composed of the most simple elements. However this may be, the Dominie resented the obstinacy of the old Sachem, and actually talked of converting the savages with fire and sword. The Heer, however, preferred calling a conference with some of the Chiefs, who were accordingly summoned to meet the Representative of the Swedish Majesty, at a

spot about four miles from Elsingburgh, on the bank of the little river to which we have so often alluded in the course of this history.

The place selected for this meeting was a little flat in a curve of the river, which was here about twenty yards wide, clothed with majestic elms and sycamores, standing at various distances from each other, and without any underwood. The greensward extended to the edge of the stream on one side, and on the other rose a lofty barrier of rocks, clothed with gray mosses and laurel bushes, now just exhibiting their pale pink blossoms. The precipice was crowned, at its summit, with a primeval growth of lofty oaks, that waved their broad arms beyond the rocks, and partly overshadowed the stream, which, a little

onward, wound between two high hills and disappeared.

To this sequestered spot came the Heer Piper, accompanied by the Long Finne, Dominie Kanttwell, the trusty Counsellors of Elsingburgh, together with divers men, women, and children, drawn thither by curiosity, and whom the trusty and indefatigable Lob Dotterel kept in order by dint of making more noise than all the rest. Here, too, came ten or a dozen of the monarchs of the new world, whose names and titles, translated into English, equal those of the most lofty and legitimate kings of the east. There came the Big Buffalo, the Little Duck Legs, the Sharp Faced Bear, the Walking Shadow, the Rolling Thunder, the Iron Cloud, the Jumping Sturgeon, the Belly Ach, and the Doc-

tor, all legitimate sovereigns, with copper rings in their noses, blanket robes of state, and painted faces. These were accompanied by a train of inferior chiefs and warriors, who seated themselves in silence in a half circle, on one side of the little plain. On the right of these sat the kings, their bodies bent forward in a posture to listen, and their blankets drawn closely around their shoulders, which, when occasionally opened, disclosed the deadly tomahawk and scalping knife.

On the opposite side, upon a little natural platform, was placed a bench, or tribune, for the Heer Piper and his suite. The Heer on this occasion was dressed in his uniform as a Swedish officer, which he wore under the Great Gustavus, and had on a sword, given him, as he

affirmed, by that Bulwark of the Protestant Faith, as a reward for certain great services, which Governor Piper declined to enumerate, except on new-year's eve, and other remarkable epochs. The Rolling Thunder produced a long pipe, ornamented with died horse-hair, porcupine's quills variously coloured, and many enormous devices. Having lighted it, he took a whiff or two, handed it to the next, and thus it passed completely round the circle, till both white-men and red-men had partaken in the solemn rite of peace. The Rolling Thunder then bowed gracefully to the Heer, and waved his hand in token that they were ready to hear him. Governor Piper rose, and his speech was from time to time translated by an interpreter.

"Delawares, Minks, Mingoes, Musk-

rats, and Mud Turtles, listen!" said the Heer, feeling all the dignity of his situation as the representative of a king, addressing an assemblage of kings.

"You have behaved badly of late; you have sold lands, and taken them back again, after you had shot away your powder, emptied your tobacco boxes, and drank your rum.

"Delawares, Minks, Mingoes, Musk-rats, and Mud Turtles, listen!

"You grow worse every day, notwithstanding the trouble we take to make you better; you get drunk and fight each other with knives, instead of embracing like brothers. This is wicked, and the Great Spirit will punish you. Before many moons are passed away, people will ask what has become of the Delawares, the Mingoes, and the rest of

the red-men? and the answer shall be, they have been consumed in liquid fires.

"Delawares, Minks, Mingoes, Musk-rats, and Mud Turtles, listen!

"You have refused to hear those whom I sent amongst you, to teach you the worship of the true Great Spirit, who is angry with you, and has sent the small-pox to punish your obstinacy. You have hunted on the white-man's ground, and broke down the dam I caused to be built across the river, that we might grind our corn, and saw boards to build our houses. These are some of the things I wished to talk to you about. The Great Spirit, I tell you, is angry, and your great father, across the big lake yonder, will take vengeance. Let me hear what you have to say."

The red kings heard this harangue in dead silence, and waited a little while to see if the Heer had done speaking. The Rolling Thunder then rose, and, throwing back his blanket, so as to bare his shoulder and red right arm, spoke as follows, beginning in a low tone, and gradually becoming more loud and animated :—

"Long Knife! The strong liquor was first brought among us by the Dutch, who sold it to us, and then told us we must not drink it; they knew it was for our hurt, yet they tempted us to buy it.

"Long Knife! The next people that came among us was the English, who likewise sold us strong liquors, which they blamed us afterwards for drinking. The next that came were the Swedes,

your people, and they too sold us strong drinks. All of you knew they were hurtful to us, and that if you let us have them, we would drink them and become mad. We drink, abuse one another, and throw each other into the fire. Six score and ten of our people have been killed by their own brothers, in these mad fits of drinking. Who is to blame for this?

"Long Knife! You say, that after we have made away with the price of our lands, we come there and hunt on them as if they were our own. We sold you the land, and the trees upon it; but we did not sell the fowls of the air, and the beasts of the forest. These belong to those who have courage and skill to catch them. The Long Knives don't know how to hunt any more than women.

You say, too, that we have destroyed the dam which you made across the river to grind your corn. This spring, when we were looking out for the fish to come up the river as they used to do, none came, and our women and children were near starving. We came down to see what was the matter, and found the fish could not get up your dam, so we destroyed it. You tell us that men should do as they would be done by. Why then did you deprive us of fish, that you might grind your corn?

"Long Knife! We have listened to the Dominie's talks, and tried to understand them, but we cannot. The Great Spirit has given the red-men one mind, and the white-men another. When you bargain with us for three beaver skins, you will not take one for three; yet you

want us to believe that three Great Spirits make but one Great Spirit. We can't understand this. Is that our fault?

"Long Knife! You say we grow worse and worse every day, and that the Great Spirit will, in his anger, sweep us from the face of the earth. We know this, for already our numbers are growing less and less every day. The white-man is the fire which is lighted in the woods, and burns up the leaves, and kills the tall trees of the forest. We shall perish, or be driven before it, till we come to where the sun sets in the great salt lake of the West, and when we can go no further, there will soon be an end of our race. If such is the will of the Great Spirit, we cannot help it; if it is not his will, you cannot make it so.

"Long Knife! I have answered you;

now, hear me. You came here as strangers, but few in number, and asked us for a little piece of land for a garden; we gave it you. By and by, you asked for more, and it was given. When we were tired of giving, you purchased of us great tracts of country for tobacco boxes and rum. The tobacco boxes and rum are gone, and you have the land. Is it any wonder that we are angry at being made fools of, and wish to have our lands back again? Every day the white man comes, and pushes the Indian farther and farther back into the woods, where there are neither fish nor oysters to eat. Is it any wonder that, when we are hungry, we fall into bad humours and hate the white-men? The Dominie tells us that you have a right to our country, because we don't make

fences, plough up the ground, and grow rich and happy, like your people, in their own country. If they were so happy at home, I don't see why they came here.

" Long Knife! We would like to be friends with you, but you are a bad people; you have two faces, two hearts, and two tongues; you tell us one thing, and you do another: a red-man never lies, except when you have made him drunk; what he says, he will do; he never crosses his track. You came here as friends, but you have been our worst enemies; you brought us strong drink, small-pox and lies: go home again, and take these all back with you. We would, if possible, be as we once were, before you came amongst us. Go! leave us to our woods, our waters, our ancient customs, and our ancient gods. If the

Great Spirit wishes us to plough the land, sell rum, and become Christians, he can do it. But the means you take will only bring these things about, when there will be nothing left of the red-men but their name and their graves."

When the Rolling Thunder ceased, Dominie Kanttwell arose and made a speech, which, however zealous and well meant, only served to exasperate the red kings. He treated their ancient belief with scorn; insulted their feelings of national pride; scoffed at their modes of thinking and acting; and drew a mortifying contrast betwixt the ignorant barbarian roaming the woods, and the white man enjoying the comfort and security of civilized life. The surrounding Indians began to murmur; then to gnash their teeth, and finally many of them,

starting up, seized their tomahawks, and uttered the war-whoop. The Heer and his party were now in imminent danger of falling victims to the fury of the moment. But the Rolling Thunder arose, and, waving his hand for silence, spoke as follows:—

"Red-men!—hear me! The Long Knives came here in peace: so let them depart. Let us not imitate their treachery, by taking advantage of their confidence to destroy them. Behold! I here extinguish the pipe of peace; I break the belt of wampum, that was the symbol of our being friends, and dig up the buried tomahawk. We are friends no more. Long Knife, go hence in peace to-day, but to-morrow count the red-men thy mortal foes. Before another moon is past, look to see me again."

He then bared his arm, and drawing his knife, stuck it into the fleshy part. The blood spouted forth, as he exclaimed, "For every drop that now falls to the ground there shall be counted one, two, three, aye, four victims, from the nest of the serpent."

The red kings then slowly moved off, followed by their people, who gradually disappeared, yelling the war-whoop, and chaunting bloody songs, till at length their voices died away in the recesses of the forest. The alarmed and irritated Heer muttered to himself, "*Verflucht und verdunt sey deine schwarze seele,*" and, together with his train, returned gloomy and dissatisfied to his village of Elsingburgh.

CHAPTER III.

" The spit that stood behind the door,
Threw the pudding-stick down on the floor;
Odsplut! says the gridiron, can't you agree?
I'm THE HEAD CONSTABLE, bring 'em to me."

LIKE the old war-horse, when he snuffs the scent of war, and hears the shrill fife, the braying trumpet, and the thrilling drum, the Heer Piper now felt the spirit of the ancient follower of the great Gustavus reviving within him, even as the snuff of an expiring lamp or candle; the latter being rather the most savoury comparison. He inspected his palisades, scoured his pattereroes, victualled his garrison, and exercised the villagers in practising the deadly rifle.

Every day he invested himself in his cocked hat, invincible sword, and tarnished regimentals, and strutted about with a countenance so full of undaunted valour, that the very women and little children slept soundly every night, save when a troop of howling wolves approached the village under cover of darkness, and waked them with the apprehension of an attack of the Indians, led on by the Rolling Thunder himself, whose very name was enough to alarm a whole regiment of militia.

One of the most provoking things which mortal man encounters in this spiteful world, is that of taking a vast deal of trouble to provide against a danger which never arrives. Yet nothing is more common than to see people laying up treasures they never live to en-

joy; providing against exigencies that never happen; and sacrificing present ease, pleasure, and enjoyment, only to guard against the wants of a period that they never live to see.

It would almost seem that fate delights to mortify the pride of human wisdom, by exhibiting daily examples, how often the most watchful prudence is either idly employed in guarding against evils that never come, or in vainly attempting to evade the consequences of those that do; while, on the other hand, the most daring disregard to calculations of the future is often coupled with the most prosperous success. We would give that world of fancy, which is the only world to which we heroes of the quill can lay any positive claim, to be able to decide the question betwixt the relative

prospects of a person of extraordinary prudence, and no prudence at all. Possibly, however, the course of our history may throw some light upon this matter.

More than a fortnight elapsed, amid the din of preparation, and the vigilance of watchful alarm, without any appearance of the Rolling Thunder and his painted warriors. Every day the Heer talked and strutted more loftily than the day before, and boasted more confidently of the sound drubbing he would give these *galgen schivenkels*, if they dared to attack his fortress of Elsingburgh. But, alas! that man should always be passing from one extreme to another, from the fearfulness of apprehension, to the foolhardihood of unbounded carelessness. Finding

the Indians did not come as soon as he expected them, the good Heer at length persuaded himself they would not come at all, though he ought to have known that the race of the red-men never forget either a benefit or an injury. He accordingly remitted his vigilance by degrees, and put his fortress upon the peace establishment, in spite of the singular and mysterious warnings of the Frizzled Head. That declamatory oddity was now more vehement in her incomprehensible denunciations, never meeting the Heer without uttering some dismal raven's note.

" Sleep on, till thou wakest no more," cried she; " dream till thy dreamings end in waking woes; and believe that what is not will never be."

" What meanest thou, thou eternal

mill-clapper?" would the Heer reply; "away with thee, and either speak what thou knowest, or hold thy tongue. What knowest thou? *der teufel hole dich.*"

"I know what I know—I could tell what I will not tell—I could save those I love, at the risk of losing those that I love still better."

"Confound thee for a muddle-pated, crack-brained Snow Ball," quoth the Heer; while Bombie of the Frizzled Head would go in search of that likely fellow Cupid, her grandson, who every day became more moody and ungovernable, and now spent more than half his time wandering about with his dog in the woods. These two were observed to have frequent conferences together, in which Bombie sometimes seemed

greatly agitated; but the subject of their discussions was not known, as they excited little interest.

Whitsuntide came, and with it a hundred rural sports and sprightly merry-makings. The buxom lasses, with gayest gear, and cheeks redder than the rose, accompanied by many a rustical and barbarous Corydon, hied forth to the woods, in search of *Pinkster apples,* or to play at hide-and-seek among the blossoms. The boys, and lads who were yet too young to think of sweethearts, were gathered together in a large level common, just without the village, pursuing such various sports as inclination led them to prefer. In one place, a party of lusty lads were playing at ball, having for audience some half a dozen black fellows, who applauded

with obstreperous admiration any capital stroke or feat in running. Elsewhere, a party not quite old enough to be admitted among the others, were amusing themselves in pairs, by striking their respective balls from one to the other. A third set were shooting marbles; a fourth firing little lead cannons; a fifth setting off *ascotches,* as they are 'yclept in boyish parlance; a sixth was playing at chuck-farthing, with old buttons without eyes; a seventh rolling in the dirt; and an eighth, making dirt pies. In short, there was no end to the diversity of sports; it was holiday, and all were happy as noise and freedom could make them.

The only drawback upon the pleasures of these merry and noisy wights, was the presence of that busy-body Lob

Dotterel, the high constable of Elsingburgh, who never saw a knot of people, great or small, making merry together, that he was not in the thickest of them, making mischief and raising sport, by what he was pleased to denominate keeping the peace. We should have mentioned before, that among the plans adopted by the Heer, and his trusty counsellors, for improving the police of Elsingburgh, was that of passing laws for the prevention of various amusements, which children have practised from time immemorial, and which are as much their right, as any of the immunities which men enjoy under the common law. If Lob Dotterel, who was always on the look-out, brought information that a horse had thrown his rider in consequence of being frighten-

ed by a paper kite, a law was forthwith enacted to forbid that dangerous and unlawful practice; if an old woman chanced to have her petticoat singed by the explosion of an ascotch, an ordinance was straightway fulminated against these pestilent fireworks; and so on till the urchins of the village were gradually so hemmed in by laws, that, if they had paid any attention to these enactments, the little rogues would hardly have had an amusement or a play that was not unlawful. Like many modern legislators of the present time, a single fact was sufficient ground for passing half a dozen great wordy laws, which, after all, nobody obeyed. These, for the most part, lay dormant, like a great spider in the recesses of his web, until the zeal of some Lob Dotterel

would sally out upon some little buzzing fly of a boy, who had chanced to get entangled in their mazes.

It was amazing to see the bustling activity of Lob, on this occasion of the sports of Whitsuntide. If two little fellows happened to fall out in playing at marbles, or chuck-farthing, and proceeded to settle the dispute by an appeal to the law of nature; or if a hubbub was raised in any part of the field, that indefatigable officer dashed in among them; and wherever he came there was an awful silence, till he was called to some other quarter, to quell another riot, when his departure was announced by a renewal of the fight and noise. Never was poor man in such a worry; and never did poor man get so little for his pains, as Lob Dot-

terel, who might be said to be in the predicament of certain great conquerors, or rather of certain legitimate monarchs, of the present day, who, the moment they have quelled an insurrection in one part of their territories, are straightway called to another for the like purpose. Various were the tricks put upon the High Constable. At one time, they pinned a dishclout to the bottom of his coat, with which he marched about for a time, unknowing of this appendage to his dignity; at another they exploded an ascotch under his tail; and at a third, they pelted him behind his back with a shower of dirt and missiles of various kinds. It was in vain that he turned round to punish the delinquent, for at the instant the fry dispersed like a flock of birds, and others attacked his rear

with some new annoyance. Never man in authority was so baited and worried in the exercise of his office as Lob Dotterel, who finally quitted the field, disgusted with official dignity, leaving the small fry of Elsingburgh to play at ball, shoot marbles, fly kites, chuck farthings, roll in the dirt, and fight rough and tumble, uninterrupted, all day long.

Towards sunset, the Heer, who had a certain mellowness about him that caused his heart to curvet and caper at the sight of human happiness, came out with honest Ludwig Varlett, who sympathized in such sports as these, to renovate his age with a sight of the lusty gambols. While thus employed, he was assailed by the Frizzled Head, who hovered near hi, an d poured forth

a more than usual quantity of incomprehensibilities. Sometimes she addressed the Heer, and at others, turning towards the sportive groups, she would apostrophize them in seeming abstraction.

"Yes," muttered she, "yes, sport away, ye grasshoppers, that die dancing and singing! The cricket chirps in the hearth when the house is on fire; the insect sports in the noonday sun, and dreams not of the coming midnight frost that lays him stiff and cold."

Then, turning to the Governor, she would exclaim, with earnest energy—

"Heer! Heer!—Thou seest the sun going down yonder in the west; take heed lest you never see it rise again. Remember that danger comes like a thief in the night, and that the perils of sleep are greater than those of waking. To-

morrow—who knows which of us shall see to-morrow?—to-morrow we may be, like yesterday, a portion of eternity. Remember, and despise not thy last warning!"

The sun went down; the chilly dews damped the grass, and the hilarity of the sportful groups, that gradually broke away and returned to the village.

All that evening Bombie seemed to hover about her master, as if impelled by some inscrutable impulse, and seeming to wish to say what she dared not utter.

"*Der teufil hole dich,*" said the Heer at last, "what wouldst thou? I believe thou hast swallowed too much liquor, and art drunk."

"The spirit moves me," she slowly replied, "but it is not that spirit which is the curse of our race and thine."

"Then let it move thee to talk so as to be understood; say out, or say nothing, thou croaking raven."

"Yes—I am the raven whose notes forebode and forewarn: when the raven croaks, let the mortal at whose windows he flutters beware; when Bombie croaks do thou too beware, Heer."

"Of what?"

"Of—I cannot tell. To save the blood of those who have been kind to me, at least sometimes, I should shed blood that runs in the veins of the only being that claims kindred with me in this wide world. Heer, I have warned thee—farewell. When thou hearest the murderous yell, the dying shriek, the shout of triumph, and the crackling flames, blame not me.—Farewell!"

So saying, she slowly retired, and he

saw her no more. The Heer pondered for a moment on her strange warnings; but he had been so accustomed to her wild and wayward talk, that the impression soon passed away. He retired to rest, and was soon in his usual profound sleep, the result of good health and a good conscience.

CHAPTER IV.

The wolf and weasel roam at night,
  Aye seeking bloody prey;
The ghosts come out in sheet of white,
  But man is worse than they.

The Robbing of the Ro

Night, that gives to the honest man rest, and rouses the rogue, the wolf, and the owl, to their predatory labours. now held her quiet sway over the peaceful inhabitants of the village. The vigilant sentinels, whose turn it was to watch at the gates of the palisades which surrounded the place, were fast asleep at their posts, like their legitimate successors, the trusty watchmen of New-York and Philadelphia, and nothing disturb-

ed the repose of midnight but the barkings of some sleepless curs, baying each other from afar. Not a soul was awake in the village save the mysterious Frizzled Head, who wandered about from the kitchen to the hall, and back again, muttering and mumbling her incomprehensible, disjointed talk. Suddenly she stopped before the great clock, and contemplating it for a moment, exclaimed, "The hour is almost come. Now is the time, or never. I may yet save my master and his child without betraying my own blood."

So saying, she hobbled up to the chamber of the Long Finne, and shaking him till he awoke, exclaimed, "Arise, Koningsmarke; the wolves are approaching. Awake, or thy sleep will last for ever."

"What of the wolves?" answered he, rubbing his eyes; "are they abroad to-night near the village?"

"Yes, the wolves that carry the tomahawk and scalping knife, that devour not the innocent lambs, but drink the blood of thy race. Ere half an hour is passed away you will hear the Rolling Thunder, rattling, not in the clouds, but at thy door. Quick, arm thyself, and awaken the people that sleep on the brink of the grave. Be quick, I say; the Indians are out to-night."

Koningsmarke dressed himself hastily, seized a sword and a rifle, and sallied forth to alarm the village; while Bombie went and roused the Heer, who bestowed upon her his benediction for thus disturbing his slumbers. When, however, he was assured by the Frizzled Head,

who for once condescended to be explicit, that the savages were abroad, he hastily dressed himself in his cocked-hat and rusty regimentals, girded on his sword, and hastened to perform the duties of his station. But ere half the men of the village were dressed the great clock in the palace hall struck twelve, and at that moment a horrible yell that rose from every quarter, announced that the place was surrounded by the savage warriors. That yell, which the adventurous founders of the new world were, alas! too well accustomed to hear, roused all but the dead, and in a little time women and children were running about, wailing and shrieking in all directions. All now was confusion, noise and horror; yet still the hardy spirits of the villagers did not yield to despair. Every

man waited at his post, and even the women and children stood ready to load the guns, and hand them to their brave defenders.

The little village of Elsingburgh was built close to the river, so that one part of the entrenchment, which consisted of thick palisades, about fourteen feet high, with loop-holes at equal distances for firing upon assailants, and strongly fastened to two rows of beams in the inner side, with locust treenails, was immersed in the water four or five feet at high tides. Here the fishing boats belonging to the villagers were drawn in every night, to secure them against theft, or injury from any quarter. This side of the village being in some degree protected by the river, the Indians bent all their efforts to set fire to the palisades,

and force the gate, which looked towards the country.

Led on by the Rolling Thunder, the Indians assailed the gate ; where fought the valiant Heer, seconded by Koningsmarke, and others of the stoutest of his people, with all the arts with which their limited modes of warfare furnished them. They essayed to set the gate on fire, by piling dry brush and wood against the outside ; but the women and children brought water, which was handed to those who ventured upon the upper beams we have described, who threw it upon the flames, and extinguished them from time to time. Several times did the fire catch to the dry palisades, and as often was it put out, by the unremitting exertions of those inside. The valiant Elsingburghers kept up an incessant fire

through the loop-holes ; but the obscurity of the night prèvented their taking deadly aim, although now and then a yell announced that a shot had taken effect.

Baffled in their attempts to fire the palisades, the savages now brought large stones, and, piling them up against the outside, attempted from thence to climb to the top, and thus jump into the area within. But the marksmen were on the watch, and the moment of the appearance of a head above the palisades, was the signal of death to the assailant. The Indians have little perseverance in war, and soon become discouraged by resistance. Their efforts now began to flag ; when, all at once, an explosion from the little magazine where the powder was deposited, announced to the horror-

struck villagers, that their great means of defence was annihilated in one instant. A groan from within, and a shout from without the defences, announced the despair of the white-men, and the triumph of the savages.

The gallant Heer, perceiving now that all was lost, and that the daylight, that was now just peering in the east, would witness the massacre of himself, his daughter, and his people, motioned to Koningsmarke to go and open the gate towards the river, prepare the boats, and embark the women and children with all possible speed, while he himself attempted still to make good the defence of the western gate. With silent celerity these orders were obeyed, and Koningsmarke returned in a few minutes, to say that all was ready. "Go, now,"

said the Long Finne, "while Ludwig Varlett, Lob Dotterel and I, make a stand here, until you are safe." "*Der teufel*," quoth the Heer, "go thou—I must be the last man that deserts his post;—away." "Nay," said the other, "you are old, and cannot run like us; remember thy daughter, thy only daughter. If thou shouldst perish, who will protect her?" "Thou," said the Heer; "remember, if any thing happens to me, I leave her as my dying legacy. Farewell; we must lose no more time in disputing who shall go. When you hear a gun, come speedily."

The Heer and the rest now hastily pursued their way towards the boats, leaving Koningsmarke with his two companions, to make a last stand, for the safety of their poor villagers. The gate

was now in a blaze, and, being battered with large stones, as well as weakened by the fire, began to break and totter fearfully, when the signal was fired. At that moment the gate fell inward. The Indians gave a shout, and waited half a minute to let the burning cinders disperse. That half minute enabled Koningsmarke and his companions to gain a decisive advantage. They fled, pursued by some of the foremost savages, one of whom seized the queue of Lob Dotterel, who luckily wore a wig, which he left in the hands of the astonished warrior as a trophy. The three fugitives jumped into the boat, where was the fair Christina and some two or three women and children, and pushed it off after the others, which had drawn off to some distance. A tall Indian rushed

into the water after the last boat, and seized hold of the gunwale with his left hand, grasping his tomahawk in his right. Koningsmarke hastened to the bow with his sword, and with a well-aimed blow cut off the hand that detained the boat. The savage then seized her by the other, which was cut off at the same instant by Koningsmarke. The Indian yelled with rage and fury, and, as the last effort of despair, seized by the side of the boat with his teeth, where he maintained his hold, till his head was severed from his body, and he fell dead into the blood-dyed waters.

But his efforts were fatal to the party in the boat, by enabling several other Indians to rush into the river and seize her at various points. "Make no further resistance, and your lives will be

spared; fight, and you die," exclaimed the voice of the Frizzled Head from the shore. Christina, in this moment of terror, threw her white arms around Koningsmarke, and conjured him to listen to the warning. Reluctantly he yielded; the boat was drawn ashore, and the party made prisoners by the Indians, among whom appeared that likely fellow Cupid, who was now seen for the first time, during the whole of this eventful night. Bombie kissed the hand of her young mistress, while the tears rolled down her withered cheeks, and, turning to the Long Finne, exclaimed with solemn earnestness, "The lamb is committed to thee as its shepherd: prove not a wolf to devour it, but watch by day and by night; let not thine eye wink, or thine ear close for a mo-

ment, but watch, watch, watch, like the stars that never sleep. Be faithful, and the spirit of the sainted mother may yet forgive the preserver of the daughter." Koningsmarke placed his hand on his heart, lifted his eyes to heaven, and then bowing to the earth, replied in a low voice, "So help me God."

Scarce had the boats which held the fugitives of Elsingburgh rowed out of the reach of the savages, when a cloud of smoke rose on the bosom of the night, succeeded by a hundred rising wreaths of fire, that announced the swift destruction of the homes of the poor villagers. They sat in their boats, weeping and wringing their hands, as one by one the roofs fell in, and the blazing cinders flew aloft in showers of glittering atoms.

The good Heer, who was unconscious

that a still heavier calamity had fallen on his aged head, viewed with silent sorrow the destruction of his little nestling place, which, in his hours of proud anticipation, he had pictured as the future capital of a vast empire, of which he would be hailed as the founder. When nothing remained of the village but the ruins, a wild, shrill whoop announced the triumph and departure of the savages, who, just before the rising of the sun, set forth, with exulting hearts, for their forest homes.

As the day advanced, the fugitives ventured to approach the place where their dwellings once stood. Slowly and cautiously they neared the shore, and, perceiving no traces of the Indians, ventured to land among the smoking ruins. Nothing remained of their homes but

their ashes, and, like the Israelites, they only returned to weep. Each had suffered in common with the others, and while some uttered loud exclamations of grief, others stood stupified with overwhelming despair.

But the unfortunate Heer, on discovering, for the first time, when they came to the shore, that his daughter was missing, was like one distracted. He ran about in an agony of sorrow, blaming every body, accusing every one of negligence, and himself most of all. Striking his wrinkled forehead, he cried out, —"My daughter! Oh, my daughter! my only, my beloved child, where art thou now? Alas! thy bones are now whitening in these smoking ashes; or thou art a wretched captive among cruel savages, who will not spare a hair of

thine innocent head. And Koningsmarke too! they have perished together, and would to God I had died with them."

"They are not dead," cried a voice, which announced the presence of the Frizzled Head; "they are not dead; they are carried into captivity, and one day thou mayest perhaps see thy daughter again."

"I shall die," replied the Heer, "before she comes back to me;" and he tore his gray hairs, and would not be comforted, although aunt Edith assured him it was the Lord's doing, and therefore it was sinful to repine.

"Alas!" said the sorrowing parent, "the same being gave me an only daughter, and a father's heart to love her. It cannot be a sin to weep the loss of what he gave me." Aunt Edith called

this blasphemy, and began to lecture him upon the wickedness of permitting poor Christina to dance and sing. But he heard her not—he stood half bent in the stupor of overwhelming grief, the image of withered, woful despair.

But that salutary necessity for exertion, which was given to man, not as a punishment, but a solace and an eventual cure for calamity, did not permit the poor houseless villagers to indulge in the idleness of grief. Without food and shelter, and almost out of the reach of those kindly offices of good neighbourhood, which, in more thickly settled countries, soon help to repair the sudden calamities of life, they must depend on their own resources to supply their wants. Accordingly, like the indefatigable hornets, who, when their nest is

demolished by schoolboys, straightway set about rebuilding it again, our villagers began preparing some temporary shelter. They erected bowers of the branches of trees, and made their beds of leaves. Some employed themselves in fishing, others in hunting, and all were busy even unto the Dominie, who went about comforting the people with the assurance that the burning of the village and the loss of their friends was a judgment upon them, for the unseemly sports they had permitted their children to indulge in at Whitsuntide. But it was observed, that those who most strenuously supported this doctrine when the judgments fell upon their neighbours, found it rather unpalatable, now that they themselves shared in the calamity.

Perceiving this to be the case, Dominic Kanttwell talked about turning misfortunes into blessings; the privations of the body to the fattening of the spirit; and the calamities of this world into rejoicings. The saints of old, he told them, fasted whole days, nay, sometimes weeks, in voluntary penance; and were accustomed to sleep in the woods or open fields, only to mortify the sinful lusts of the flesh. But for all this, the Dominie's house was the first that was rebuilt; the Dominie had always the fattest fish, and the choicest piece of venison; and before the village was half rebuilt, aunt Edith went round with a subscription to purchase him a new gown, and a silver watch, that he might know when it was time to go to meetings.

The day but one after the burning of

the village, the Heer and his people were surprised by a visit from his old enemy, Shadrach Moneypenny, accompanied by a good number of *Big Hats,* in boats, bringing with them a supply of food, boards, timber, and other necessaries, together with mechanics to assist them in rebuilding their houses. All these were sent by the good William Penn, who, hearing of their calamity, had opened—no, his heart was always open—had sent them this timely relief. Shadrach was not quite so dry and stiff as at his former visit, and when he appeared in the Heer's presence, paid that respect to his misfortunes which he had refused to his prosperity, by coming as near to making a bow as his canons of courtesy would permit.

"Friend Piper," quoth Shadrach—and

the term friend, which had formerly sounded so uncouth, was now grateful to the ear of the broken down parent— " Friend Piper, I come from thy neighbour William Penn, who hath heard of thy misfortune, and sent thee the little he can spare for the relief of thy people."

" But I cannot pay for these things, and thy people are said to expect payment for every thing."

" Friend Piper," replied Shadrach, " it may be that when our people make bargains in the way of business, they are earnest for payment; but when they administer to the sufferings, or contribute to relieve the calamities of their fellow creatures, they expect not to be repaid in this world. William Penn freely bestows upon thee what I have brought; and moreover, bids me tell thee he will

send to the Indians, by the first opportunity, to seek, and, if possible, recover thy lost child."

The ancient prejudices of the Heer against his peaceable neighbours of Coaquanock now rushed to his heart, and were there buried for ever in a flood of gratitude. The mention of his daughter, combined with the generous gifts and never broken promises of William Penn, overpowered the old father, and he wept aloud. When his emotions had somewhat subsided, he took Shadrach's hand and said, "Friend, I cannot thank thee." "There is no need, friend Piper. All that William Penn asks of thee, is that thou wilt believe that men were not made, like the beasts of the forest, only to shed each other's blood." The Heer stood corrected, for he remem-

bered the sneers he had thrown out against his peaceable neighbours, the *Big Hats* of Coaquanock,

Aided by the good people of Coaquanock, whom the spirit moved to second zealously the exertions of those of Elsingburgh, that village was renewed, and swarmed again like a bee-hive. The Heer and his people long retained a grateful recollection of the kindness of the good William Penn, with the exception, however, of the Dominie and aunt Edith, who were accustomed to flout all good works, and to despise the kind offices of all, save those whom they were pleased to denominate the *elect*.

BOOK FIFTH.



CHAPTER I.

NOTWITHSTANDING the testimony of King James the First, Cotton Mather, and divers other unquestionable authorities, backed by the opinions of a good portion of mankind, in all time past, there are a vast many philosophers of this unbelieving age, who affect to doubt the existence of witchcraft, or diabolism, in the affairs of this world. There is no use in arguing with such sturdy unbelievers. We will therefore content ourselves with expressing a firm

conviction, that this influence does exist even at this present time; and that its effects are every day to be seen, more especially in certain highly gifted persons being thereby enabled to perform tasks, which in the ordinary limits of the human faculties would be quite impossible.

In no instance does this diabolical, or magical power, this direct influence of what Sir Walter Scott calls "gramarye," appear so evident to us, as in the ease with which certain great authors produce those immortal works, that succeed each other with the rapidity of the discharges of a repeating gun. Indeed, if we look back to the first invention of printing, an art which may be said to be the parent of authorship, we shall trace it to this diabolical influence, in the case

of the renowned Doctor Faustus, whose power of multiplying books was universally ascribed to the direct agency of gramarye, and who to this day is familiarly coupled with the spirit of darkness. Nay, the doctor, according to unquestionable tradition, was finally carried away, in consequence of a compact, the conditions of which every body is acquainted with. This origin of the art is commemorated in the singular fact, that a certain class of persons employed in the printing-offices are to this day familiarly called printer's devils, indubitably with reference to this diabolical origin of the art. The name of this mischievous and evil disposed familiar, or bad spirit, who inspired Doctor Faustus, was Mephostophilos, as we learn from Christopher Marlow, from whom

as great a man as Will Shakspeare borrowed a great many good things.

That this same Mephostophilos still exercises great influence in the affairs of authors and printers, and occasionally contracts to lend his assistance on certain conditions, is, we think, sufficiently apparent in the case of various great writers now living, who, not to be profane, certainly write as if the d—l were in them. Some we behold committing the most foul offences against our mortal enemy, common sense; others exhibiting unquestionable proofs of the inspiration which animates them, by attacking and tearing to pieces the characters of men, women, and little children, and thus committing the most wanton depredations on the scanty stock of human happiness. But if the truth must be ventured upon,

in no class of writers do we see this diabolical spirit so clearly evinced, as among the critics, who, not to speak irreverently of these dispensers of fame, do certainly display a most horrible propensity to wickedness, in mauling and cutting up innocent authors, with as little remorse as if they were so many cabbages or pumpkins.

Another most pregnant example of this actual agency of the great printer's devil 'yclept Mephostophilos, is that of the celebrated person known by the appellation of the "Great Unknown," who, if we might be allowed the suggestion, is no other than Mephostophilos himself. Not to mention his prerogative of being invisible, and his power of keeping his own secret, two things unexampled in the history of *successful authors,* both which savour strongly of

"gramarye," there are other shrewd indications of this identity. We have some little experience in these matters and hold it utterly impossible for a mere mortal man, with one head and one right hand, to write books of any sort, much less such astonishing clever stories as those of the Great Unknown, at the rate he doth, without having actually bargained with some evil agent to assist him. That mental Scots Fiddle, which scholars denominate the *cacoethes scribendi*, can never sufficiently account for the supernatural celerity with which he utters his works to the world, unless aided by the supposition of some wicked compact, or, what is more probable, of our author being no other than Mephostophilos himself.

This theory of the agency of the evil one in the writing of books, is by no

means so improbable as may seem at first sight, nor is the Great Unknown the only writer of the present time, to whom the imputation may be reasonably applied, in our opinion. What else could have tempted my Lord Byron and Mr. Southey to outrage the Judgment Seat of Heaven in their two "Visions?" or what but this, could have prompted Mr. Thomas Moore to mingle his poetical fictions, and mix up the puny fires of his sensual inspiration, with those sacred documents which form the rock of our faith; to blast the reputation of the angels, by giving to them the desires and the frailties of the most degenerate of the daughters of men? Certainly it is not uncharitable to suppose these works were written either by persons, who, to use the common phrase,

had "got the d—l in them," or who were at least instigated by his immediate agency. Nothing less than a direct jogging of the elbow, from some mischievously inclined spirit, could, in our humble trans-atlantic opinion, have prompted these mere mortal men thus to "rush in where angels dare not tread;" or stimulated the wayward genius of my Lord Byron, ever sickening, as it would seem, after singularity, to attempt, at this time of day, to prove the father of evil, the author of all our woes, an enlightened philosopher; and the first murderer, a pious seeker after knowledge.

In thus attempting to identify the "Great Unknown" with the great Mephöstophilos, who is supposed to have been the inventor of the mischievous art

of printing, (so obnoxious to the Holy Alliance, doubtless on account of its diabolical origin,) we have not the most remote intention to raise a prejudice against that mysterious person. Indeed, we have no doubt that this suggestion will increase the avidity of the juvenile world, for the perusal of these thrice profitable works—profitable to the author, profitable to the printer, and profitable to the booksellers. Our object was simply to offer some probable theory or hypothesis, whereby this distracting question, which hath already, like the old controversy concerning atoms, set the learned and unlearned together by the ears, might be settled, and mankind thereafter sleep quietly over these productions, without being disturbed with the insatiable twitches

of an ever wakeful curiosity. Our explanation is, we think, most peculiarly happy, since, while it offers a satisfactory solution concerning the miraculous conception and delivery of these popular works, it likewise explains the nature and source of that singular faculty of bewitching his readers, which our author possesses in such perfection. Under the influence of this, they become blinded to his most glaring faults, and come at length actually to swallow the unequalled impossibility of a woman (having a tongue) being silent, through the whole course of three volumes!

The gentle and courteous reader has, doubtless, long before this, discovered that we ourselves deal in no such wicked mysteries, and that we lay claim to no inspiration but what is

honestly come by at least. No motive of profit or convenience can possibly induce us to make any covenant with Mephostophilos, or any other evil disposed enormity, or to introduce our readers to a fellowship with any being more mischievous than an author. So far from this, we will for the present take our leave of him, with an honest, old fashioned benediction on his house and all within it, which, in truth, may not be altogether superfluous, seeing there be so many evil spirits abroad now-a-days, both in prose and poetry.

"Saint Francis and Saint Benedight,
Blesse this house from wicked wight,
From the nightmare and the goblin,
That is hight Good Fellow Robin;
Keep it from all evil spirits,
Fairies, weasels, rats and ferrets,
From Curfew time
To the next prime."

CHAPTER II.

"Through untrack'd woods, a weary way,
They wander'd with great pain;
And some that went forth on that day,
Never return'd again."

AFTER the savages had completed the plundering and burning of the village, they departed with their prisoners towards the river, on whose banks the principal part of them resided. Besides the fair Christina and Koningsmarke, the captives consisted of Counsellor Ludwig Varlett, Lob Dotterel, a poor man named Claas Tomeson, his wife and child, and that likely fellow Cupid, who, for some cause or other, seemed rather

to accompany them voluntarily than by compulsion.

They shaped their course to the westward, passing through deep forests, where the sound of the axe had never been heard, and where the wild animals had hitherto maintained undisturbed possession. Poor Christina was soon so worn down with grief and fatigue, that she was incapable of keeping up with the rest of the party, and had not the Long Finne sometimes taken her in his arms and carried her through the swamps she would have been murdered by the savages, who several times turned back and threatened her with their tomahawks. At the end of the first day's journey, the luckless wife of Claas Tomeson, whose infant was scarcely a month old, was so worn down, that the Indians debated

whether they should not put an end to them both. Finally it was resolved upon, and they were despatched, in spite of the shrieks of Christina, and the agonizing cries of the husband, who was first tied to a tree, and thus he witnessed, without being able to make a single effort to prevent it, the fate of his helpless wife, and still more helpless infant.

Three days more they journeyed in this manner, Christina every day becoming more weak, and every moment expecting to meet the fate of the poor woman and her child. Towards the evening of the fourth, they approached the banks of the river on which dwelt the tribe of the Rolling Thunder, and gave the war-whoop, which was answered by the women, children, and old men that had remained at home. One of the

warriors had been previously sent to the town to inform them of the success of the expedition, and prepare them for a frolic. Accordingly, the party was met about half a mile from the town, by an infuriated rabble, armed with guns, clubs, and tomahawks, hallooing and whooping with horrible exultation, mixed with cries of vengeance, from the kindred of those who had been slain in the attack upon Elsingburgh.

Poor Claas Tomeson was selected, on this occasion, for the object of their infernal merriment. He was stripped, painted black with charcoal, and apprized that if he gained the door of the council house, which was pointed out to him, he would be safe. They then gave him the start about six paces, and Claas ran for his life, followed by the yelling

crew, who assailed him with every ingenuity of torture they could devise; beating him with clubs, cutting at him with their tomahawks, and sometimes putting the muzzles of their guns close to his naked skin and firing powder into it, powowing and beating their rude drums, all the while. Poor Class, although wounded and maimed in a cruel manner, animated by a last hope, exerted himself to the utmost, and at length succeeded in gaining the door of the council house, that sanctuary even among barbarians. He seized the door-post, and at the same instant fainted under his tortures and exertions. A dispute now arose, whether he had fairly entitled himself to the condition upon which his life was to be spared, and it was with great difficulty the old men

could restrain the infuriated youth from despatching him. At length it was agreed to spare the victim, at least for the present, and he was carried to a wigwam, where a doctor or conjurer was sent to attend upon him.

The first thing the doctor did, was to mumble to himself a parcel of unconnected jargon, which poor Claas as little comprehended as a civilized patient does a civilized doctor, when he describes his symptoms. He then caused a large fire to be made, and the door to be shut, and thereupon began to cut capers and shout aloud, until he was in a glorious perspiration; it being his opinion, that whenever a patient could not take sufficient exercise to produce this effect upon himself, the next best thing was for the doc-

tor to do it for him. So, also, if it was necessary to take medicines, or fast, the practice of the Indian doctor was to take the physic, and undergo the penance himself; all which equally redounded to the benefit of the sick man—provided the doctor was well paid. Without that indispensable preliminary, this mode of cure was divested of all its efficacy. After capering himself into a fine perspiration, and swallowing a dose of something, the doctor inquired of Claas how he felt himself. The poor fellow, who was soon recovered to the use of his senses, thought it most prudent to compliment the doctor by saying he was much better; for he was apprehensive that if the doctor lost all hope of finally curing his patient, he might cut the mat-

ter short and save his credit, by recommending an *auto da fe,* so he professed himself marvellously benefited.

The next day the doctor came again, cut a few more capers, talked a little jargon, and took a drink of strong liquor, or rum, in order to strengthen his patient, who, as before, declared the great benefit he received from the prescription. The third time, the doctor brought with him his great medicine, as he called it, which was to perfect the cure. He began with making the most diabolical faces imaginable; then he puffed, and strained, and struggled, as if contesting with some invisible being with might and main. Presently he ceased, crying out, at the same time, "Mila-mila-kipokitie koasab," which, in the learned language of the Indians,

means, "give, give me the breeches." This being explained to Claas, and he at the same time assured that the success of the great medicine depended upon his complying with the requisitions of the doctor, he was fain to give up his breeches. The doctor then commenced another great contest with the invisible maneto, whom he again tumbled on the floor with a mighty effort, exclaiming at the same time—"Mila-mila-capotionia," which means "give me thy coat." With this also poor Claas complied. Hereupon the doctor began a struggle more desperate than the preceding, which terminated in his crying out aloud—"Mila-mila-papakionian," which means, give me thy waistcoat. Claas parted with his red waistcoat, gorgeously bedecked with round metal

buttons, with a sore heart. In this way the doctor gradually divested his patient of all his valuables, and at length, looking round to see if there was any thing left, he took out of his leathern pouch an eagle's feather, and, pulling some of the down, blew it in the face of his patient, crying out—"*Houana! houana!—magat! magat!*" "'Tis done —'tis done—he is strong, he is strong." Then carefully gathering together the various items of his fee, he marched with astonishing dignity and gravity out of the wigwam. In process of time honest Claas actually recovered, furnishing a pregnant example of the excellent effects resulting from the doctor's taking his own prescriptions, instead of administering them to the patient.

In the mean while a council had been

held for the purpose of deciding the destinies of the other prisoners. Agreeably to the customs of these people, the relatives of an Indian killed in battle have the choice, either of adopting a prisoner in the room of the friend they have lost, or of putting him to death by torture. Accordingly, Christina, Koningsmarke, Counsellor Varlett, Lob Dotterel, and Claas Tomeson, the latter scarce recovered from the effects of the gauntlet he had run, were brought forth in front of the council house, to receive their doom of death or adoption.

The mothers of three warriors slain at the attack upon Elsingburgh came forth, howling, and tearing their long black hair, like so many furies thirsting for the blood of their victims; while the young children, taught from their

infancy to banquet on the tortures of their enemies, stood ready to assist, if necessary, in executing the judgment. After examining the prisoners for a few minutes, as if debating whether to yield to the suggestions of policy or vengeance, a young squaw came forward, and taking the hand of Christina, exclaimed—"Five moons ago I lost a sister, who was carried away by the Mohawks; thou shalt take her place, and be unto me as a sister." The old men signified their acquiescence, and the Indian girl led her white sister to her wigwam.

The wife of the chief who was slain in attempting to detain the boat, as we have heretofore stated, then stepped forth, after having for a while contemplated the face and form of the Long

Finne, and addressed the old men—"My children have lost a father, I a husband—revenge is sweet—but who will hunt for us, and supply us with food in the long winters, if I should say, let us sacrifice this white-man who killed a red chief? No—let him be my slave, and hunt for me, as he did who is now gone to the land of spirits." Her choice was in like manner sanctioned by the sages, and Koningsmarke was given to the Indian widow as her husband, or slave, as she should ultimately decide.

Next came the turn of Lob Dotterel, whose bald pate excited, in no small degree, the wonder of the forest kings, who had heard the story of his scalp coming off in such a miraculous manner. A grand council had been held upon his wig, but they could make no-

thing of it. The prevailing opinion was, that it was a great medicine, by the virtue of which Lob had escaped all damage from an operation so fatal to others, and that the high constable was a sort of wizard, whom it would be somewhat dangerous to meddle with. After a long talk among the old men, it was at length decided to spare him for the present, with a view to his instructing them in the method of compounding this great medicine, so important to the safety of the Indian warrior.

Counsellor Varlett and Claas Tomeson now only remained to be adjudged, and the assemblage of women and children began to murmur at the thoughts of losing what is considered a high frolic among them, in like manner as civilized women and children delight in seeing a

man hanged. The mothers of two of the warriors slain at Elsingburgh, came forward, and clamorously demanded their victims, ; a demand, which, according to the sacred customs of the savages, must not be denied. Their doom was accordingly pronounced, and hailed by the dismal scalp halloo, the signal of torture and death. The two victims were accordingly seized, stripped, and painted black, and beaten with sticks by the women and boys. Claas Tomeson's hands were then tied behind his back with a rope, the other end of which was fastened to a stake about fifteen feet high, leaving sufficient length to admit of his going round it two or three times, and back again. A chief then addressed the multitude, urging every topic calculated to excite their ruling

passion of revenge, and was answered by a yell that made the vast forest ring.

Then began a scene of horror, which has been often witnessed by the dauntless spirits who marched in the van, to the exploring and settling of this new world, and which may perhaps, in some measure, serve to excuse their harshness to that unhappy race, by whom their friends and brothers had so often suffered. The Indian men first approached, and fired powder into his naked skin. Then they lighted the pile, composed of sticks, one end of which was previously charred by fire laid around the post, at the distance of five or six yards. A party of these exasperated and inhuman beings, then seizing the burning brands, surrounded the wretched victim, and thrust them into his naked body. Pre-

senting themselves on every side, which ever way he ran, he met the fiends with their burning faggots, and if he stood still, they all assailed him at once. The squaws then threw the hot ashes and burning coals upon his bare head, which, falling upon the ground, in a little while he had nothing to tread upon but a bed of fire. Claas called them cowards—women—and begged them to shoot him like men and warriors. But they only answered him with laughter, shouts, and new tortures, Claas then, in the agony of his sufferings, besought the Almighty to have compassion upon him, and permit him at once to die. "Hark!" cried the warriors, "he is a woman, he is no warrior, he cries out like a coward." Exhausted, at length, with pain and exertion, he laid himself down upon his

face, gradually losing all acuteness of sensation, and apparently becoming almost insensible. But from this blessed apathy he was roused by an old hag, who, placing some burning coals on a piece of bark, threw them upon his back, which was now excoriated from head to foot. The poor victim again started upon his feet, and walked slowly round the post, gazing with a vacant look on those about him, and appearing hardly to know what was going forward. Perceiving that he no longer was susceptible to suffering, a chief came behind him, and buried his tomahawk in the back of his head. He fell, and yielded his tortured spirit without a groan.

It now came to the turn of Ludwig Varlett, who had witnessed this scene

with a degree of firmness peculiar to that class of people who march in the van of civilization, in our woody progress, and whose daily toils, dangers and exposures, gradually render them almost insensible to fear or suffering. Perceiving his fate to be inevitable, he resolved to meet it like a man; at the same time a thought came over him, that he might possibly escape the tortures of his poor comrade. By means of some little smattering of their language, which he had acquired as a trader, he managed to make some of the chiefs comprehend that he was in possession of a great medicine, so powerful, as to render those acquainted with the secret, invulnerable to a rifle ball. The chiefs shook their heads, with a sort of incredulous chuckle, and asked him if he

were willing to try the experiment in his own person. Ludwig said yes, and desired that five or six of them would load their guns, while he placed himself about twenty yards distant. They did so, and the crowd stood in breathless anxiety to witness the virtues of the great medicine. "One—two—three—fire!" cried he; and the next instant he lay stretched a corse. The Indians ran up to him, and then, for the first time, comprehending the whole affair, they became mad with rage and disappointment. They tore his body into pieces, scooped up his blood with their hands, and drank it smoking hot, and finally, tossed his limbs into the flames. But the brave Ludwig felt it not, and escaped, by his presence of mind, the sad and lingering tortures of Indian cruelty.

This horrible festival was concluded by a drinking match, which they were enabled to carry to the most extravagant excess, by means of a quantity of spirits they had taken at the village of Elsingburgh. The two tribes, who had been jointly engaged in that expedition, first séparated, the one crossing the river, in order that the remembrance of former injuries, which is the first impulse of intoxication in the mind of an Indian, might not produce hostilities between the two. They then appointed persons to secrete their arms, and maintain order during the scene which was to ensue. The debauch then commenced, by pouring a keg of spirits into a large kettle, and dipping it out with wooden ladles. A scene ensued which baffles all description. The shoutings, hallooings,

whoopings, and shrieks, of each party, were heard at intervals, during the whole night, and the morning presented the wretched bacchanals, dejected, worn out, and melancholy in the extreme. Some had their clothes torn from their backs, some were wounded, others crippled, and three dead bodies marked the bloody excesses to which barbarians are prone, when their dormant passions are excited by that most pernicious foe of savage and civilized man, strong drink.

CHAPTER III.

' I have some little smattering of Greek,
Hebrew, Chaldaic, and Egyptian,
Welsh, Irish, Dutch, and Biscayan;
Indeed, all the tongues of Europe,
Asia, and Africa, are tolerably familiar—
But in America, and the new-found world,
I very much fear there be some languages
That would go near to puzzle me."

In the mean time Christina was taken home by the Indian girl, who was called Aonetti, which signifies Deer Eyes, from their resemblance in wildness and brilliancy to those of that animal. Aonetti was considered the beauty of the village, having, in addition to her fine eyes, a profusion of long black hair, a pretty, round, graceful figure, and an expression of tender seriousness in her countenance,

peculiarly interesting. The family consisted of Aonetti's mother, an aged widow, and the *Night Shadow*, her only son, one of the most distinguished warriors and hunters of the tribe. Night Shadow was upwards of six feet high, straight as a pine, active as the deer, and brave as a lion. He could turn his face towards any point of the compass, and march a hundred miles through the forest without deviating to the right or to the left; he could follow the track of man or beast upon the dry leaves, with the sagacious instinct of a hound; and in hunting he disdained to pursue any but the noblest beasts of the forest. The wigwam inhabited by this family was of the better sort, having two rooms, partitioned off from each other by strips of bark.

Christina became an inmate of this simple habitation, and was treated in all respects as if she were the daughter of the same mother. Aonetti was very fond of her, and gave her the name of *Mimi*, which, in her language, signified the Turtle Dove. The mother addressed her as daughter, the young people as sister. Among the savages, all women, whatever be their rank, work, if they are capable of employment. With the exception of a few slaves, who were sometimes reserved from among their prisoners, the labours of the field and of the household, were all performed by the females. Poor Christina, whose education had little qualified her for this mode of life, made but an aukward hand at planting corn, and little Deer Eyes often laughed at her bringing up, as

quite ridiculous for a woman. Christina was therefore indulged in the performance of less laborious duties, such as bringing water from the spring, just in the centre of the village; gathering cranberries, and preparing their daily meals; to which last she soon became adequate, as their art of cookery was extremely simple. In this manner the time passed away, heavily indeed; but although her thoughts perpetually recurred to her home in the village of Elsingburgh, and to the kindness of her father, now dead perhaps, or if living, mourning her absence in all the anxiety of perfect ignorance whether she were living or dead; still Christina did not sink under her misfortunes. Perhaps the secret consciousness that her lover was near, and shared her fate, contri-

buted not a little to support her in these hours of trial.

The Long Finne, whose life, as we have before stated, was reprieved by the widow, became her slave, according to the Indian custom. For a time he was narrowly watched, and never suffered out of sight of the village. But perceiving that he preserved a cheerful countenance, and seemed by degrees to become reconciled to his situation, they gradually relaxed in their vigilance, and sometimes took him out hunting with them.

The first time this happened, the Long Finne, anxious to distinguish himself, shot so well, that the savage hunters became not a little jealous; for they are extremely tenacious of their superior skill, not only in war, but in hunting. Perceiving this to be the case, Konings-

marke designedly missed several shots, and they became highly pleased to think that his first success was merely owing to chance. By degrees, as he gained their confidence, they suffered him to go into the woods by himself to hunt, so that if he could have endured the thought of deserting Christina, he might, in all probability, have escaped. He often debated whether it would not be better to attempt returning to Elsingburgh with a view to apprise the Heer of his daughter's situation, in order that measures might be taken to ransom her; but the fear that the savages might perhaps revenge his desertion by the sacrifice of his fellow prisoners, deterred him from putting this project into execution.

In the intervals of his labours, and in the evening, the Long Finne, when he

had become sufficiently acquainted with the Indian language, was amused with the conversation of an aged Indian warrior, the father of his mistress, who resided in the family. Ollentangi, as he was called, had been in his day a great warrior, statesman and hunter. But he was now nearly seventy years old, and, being subject to rheumatism, the common malady of the old Indians, lived a life of leisure, and passed his time principally in smoking. Ollentangi was considered as one of the wisest men of his tribe, and, indeed, so far as the light of nature would carry him, was justly entitled to the appellation of a sage. Had his opportunities been equal, he might perhaps have been a Solon or a Socrates. With this old man Koningsmarke often discussed the comparative

excellence of the Indian religion, customs, laws, and modes of society, contrasted with those of civilized nations, and was frequently surprised at the ingenuity with which he supported the superior happiness and virtue of the savages.

It was Ollentangi's opinion, that the Great Spirit had made the red-men for the shade, and the white-men for the sunshine; the former to hunt, the latter to work.

"Your Black Gowns," would he say, "tell us to believe as they do, and live as they live. They say we must set about dividing our forests, putting up fences, and ploughing with horses and oxen. But who is to say what shall belong to each man, that we may put up our fences accordingly? Where are we

to get oxen and horses? We have nothing but furs to pay for them, and if we leave off hunting before we have become farmers, we shall neither have furs to barter, nor meat to support us. As to our religion," continued he, "we think we can understand it, but that is more than we can say of yours. Our religion is fitted for our state of nature; it is incorporated with our habits and manners, and we must change these before we are fit to become Christians. You may in time make us bad Indians, but you will never make us good white-men. Be certain that so long as we have plenty of game, we shall never become farmers, nor send our children to school, nor believe in your Gods."

"You talk of our Gods, Ollentangi," said Kouingsmarke—"we acknowledge but one."

"Yes, but then you have a Good Spirit and an Evil Spirit, and your Good Spirit is, according to your own account, not so powerful as your Bad one, who not only causes your world to be overrun with evil, but actually carries off a vast many more people than your Good Spirit. It would seem, from this, that he was the more powerful of the two. Besides, your Black Gowns have assured me that their Good Spirit is composed of three Good Spirits, all equal ; therefore, you must have more Gods than one."

Koningsmarke endeavoured to explain the mystery of the Trinity to Ollentangi, but without effect. It was beyond the comprehension of the man of nature, who continued obstinately to affirm, that if the Great Spirit was composed of three Great Spirits, they must have a

plurality of spirits, and that if it was not so composed, then his doctrine could not be true. Such is the utmost extent to which human reason can carry the man of nature.

One day Ollentangi came, and with much gravity informed Koningsmarke that he had a great project in his head, for the benefit of the white-men.

"Listen," said he. "That you are a miserable race in your own country, appears certain, or you would not have come hither to disturb us. Now our wise men have just determined to send some of our best conjurers out to your country, to convert your people to our belief; to teach them to hunt the deer, and to live without cheating one another in making bargains: what think you of this?"

"But," said Koningsmarke, "your conjurers don't understand our language."

"Oh, that is easily got over. They shall teach your people ours," replied Ollentangi.

"Well, but the state of society is so different among us, that your conjurers could never teach us to live as you do—besides, we have so little game, that if we all became hunters we should be likely to starve."

"Oh, but we shall soon remedy that—we shall plant acorns, and they in time will grow into great forests of trees, and game will increase accordingly."

"Yes, but what shall we do while the trees are growing? We have a saying, that while the grass grows the steed starves. It will take five thousand

moons for the forest to become like these."

"Well, and how long will it take for an Indian to become a white-man? A little tree, if let alone, will grow into a great one within a certain time. It takes longer to change men than trees. But let us proceed: our conjurers shall teach you, among other things, to believe in all our great medicines, to make an eagle's feather protect you from a bullet, a fish-bone ward off the lightning, and a tobacco leaf secure you from all the dangers of the forest. They shall teach you all these things"

"But we can't be taught such things, Ollentangi; we shall not be able to comprehend how, or believe that a fish-bone can be made to keep off lightning. 'Tis

contrary to all our experience, and, to say the truth, is too foolish for the most ignorant among us to believe. If it is a mystery, we can't comprehend it; if it is no mystery, 'tis no better than nonsense."

"Very well—you tell me our religion is too foolish for your wisdom, and yours is too wise for our folly. We shall teach you a little of our ignorance in these matters, that you may comprehend us; and you shall teach us some of your wisdom, that we may comprehend you. This will be proper and neighbourly. We shall in time make men of you. I don't think your case quite desperate."

"But you will not be able to teach us ignorance, as you call it. The mind never goes backwards."

"You have just acknowledged what I want you to believe, namely, that we Indians are wiser and happier than you. I have known several white-men become Indians, but I never saw an Indian turn white-man. Therefore, if the human mind never goes backwards, 'tis a proof that the state of nature is better than the civilized state."

One evening Koningsmarke undertook to prove to Ollehtangi, that a people who cultivated the ground had a right to take it away from those who only hunted upon it, because it was the will of the Great Spirit that the human race should increase to the greatest possible number in all parts of the world. "Now you red-men pretend to occupy the whole country for a hundred miles round," said the Long Finne, "though

there is but two or three hundred of you, and it is large enough, if properly cultivated, to support five hundred times as many."

"Very well," replied Ollentangi; "you say it is the will of the Great Spirit that men should increase and be happy. You told me the other day, I remember, that your countrymen came here to look for land, because there were too many people and too little land in their country. People then, by your account, can increase too fast for their happiness. Now this never happens to us red-men, therefore we are happier than you. Besides, you tried to persuade me, not long since, that hardly one in a hundred of the white people were happy when they returned to the region of souls. It is plain, therefore,

that the more people there are in this world, the more they will want land, and the greater will be the number of the miserable in a future state. How is this?"

Koningsmarke undertook to explain all these matters, but they were beyond the reach of the old man's philosophy, although one of the most acute Indians of the new world. Among other things, Ollentangi laughed, a thing he very seldom did, when Koningsmarke impeached the right of the Indians to the forests, which they had possessed for several generations.

"Listen to me," said he—"More than twenty thousand moons ago, a female pappoose was found, only a month old, in the waters of a lake, lying in a little canoe of rushes. When this pap-

poose grew up, she became a great prophetess, and before she disappeared she foretold the coming of the white-men. She performed many strange and wonderful things, such as turning night into day, and water into dry land. As our people increased, she made this continent, which was, at first, but a little island; and told us to remove hither, for we lived a great many months' journey towards the rising sun. Though our people were as yet but few, we wanted room to hunt; so the squaw went to the water-side, and prayed that the little island might grow bigger, for the use of her chosen people. The Great Spirit hereupon sent a great number of tortoises and muskrats, that brought mud, sand, and other things, so that, in time, the island became a

great continent. In memory of this service, our tribe was divided into two parts; one of which is called the Mud-Turtle, the other the Muskrat. Now, as our great grandmother made this country for our own use entirely, and on purpose that we might have plenty of room to hunt in, it is plain that you white-men can have no claim upon it. but that you tell us great lies about your Great Spirit having made it for you."

At another time, Koningsmarke took occasion to treat Ollentangi's philosophy and religion with very little ceremony, affirming that it was nothing but the light of nature, which only served to lead people astray.

"Very good," replied Ollentangi—"I see every day, the bears, beavers,

and all other animals, pursuing their natural impulses, by which they attain to such a degree of happiness as they are capable of enjoying. The beasts that live in the woods follow, then, what you call the light of nature—now which is the happiest, a dog that is chained up all day, whipped, and kicked into the knowledge of white-men, to snarl and bite, and point with his nose; or a deer that runs wild in the forest, and pursues what you call the light of nature?"

"I should think the deer," replied Koningsmarke.

"Very well, then," said Ollentangi; "is it not the same with men? You white-men are the dogs that are chained up, and taught to bite each other; and

we are the deer, that run free and wild in the woods."

Koningsmarke would then undertake to explain the distinction between man and all other animals; the former being governed by reason, the latter only by instinct, and therefore of an inferior race by nature. But Ollentangi stoutly denied that there was any difference of this kind, since, if any thing, the animals were wiser a great deal than men.

"The beaver," said he, "builds better houses than we Indians, and the fox is better lodged in winter than we. Had we been naturally as reasonable as they, we should have made our habitations under ground, at least for the cold season. You white-men, it is true, build better houses than the beavers, and

are better lodged that the foxes: but in attaining to this you have become a miserable degenerate race of slaves, who do nothing but work all day long, and buy and sell every thing, from your Maker, down to the smallest article that you possess. You see, therefore, that you have not such good reason as you think, for running down the light of nature, since, according to your own account, it must have guided you at first all your early and fancied improvements."

Koningsmarke then strove to convey to the mind of the poor savage, some definite idea with respect to the distinction between reason and inspiration, the latter of which he told him was the source of the christian religion. Ollentangi shook his head.

" Yes!—this is what our jugglers

and conjurers tell us. They pretend that the Great Spirit sends his messages by them. But we don't believe it, because it is certain that if the Great Spirit had any messages, he would send them to the chiefs of the tribe, and not to such contemptible fellows."

The more, in fact, that Koningsmarke conversed with the old Indian, the more he became sensible that it was impossible to make him comprehend the most simple elements of our social and religious systems. Long before the winter set in, the Long Finne became unalterably convinced that all religions must be accommodated to the state of society, as well as the progress of intelligence; that religion is an integral portion of both; and that the attempt to propa-

gate a system of faith at war with either, must necessarily entirely fail, or, if partially successful, be productive of great *moral evil.*

Many other discussions took place between Ollentangi and Koningsmarke, but we have already detailed sufficient to give some little idea of the confined views and opinions of an Indian sage. Besides, it is high time to return to the fair and gentle Christina, whom, though sometimes we seem to lose sight of, we never for a moment forget.

During the first weeks of their captivity, such was the watchful jealousy of the savages, that Koningsmarke had no opportunity of speaking either to Christina or honest Lob Dotterel, who, being neither hunter nor warrior, and having no little boys to keep in order, sunk into

a personage of very little consequence, in his own opinion. The miracle of his wig, however, caused him to be somewhat wondered at by the Indians. The Long Finne sometimes met Christina at the spring, without daring to talk but with his eyes. In time, however, he was less watched, and besides occasionally conversing, he sometimes met her in the forest gathering cranberries. On these occasions the desolate condition of the poor girl, thus alone in the pathless wilderness without a friend but him, caused the gentle Christina to forget the scar on his neck, and the warnings of Bombie of the Frizzled Head. A flood of tender emotions rushed on her heart at these times, and, as the tears trickled from her eyes, which she turned up towards him like an infant looking

to its parent for protection, she sometimes forgot to resist when he kissed them away. The Long Finne occasionally came to the wigwam where Christina resided, and where his visits were not discouraged, more especially by the blue-eyed Swede and the dark-eyed Indian maid, the latter of whom, in a little while, learned sufficient of their language to make herself understood on various little occasions. She was particularly importunate with Christina to teach her how the Indian word *kisakia*, which signifies "I love," was pronounced in her native language.

It was not long, in fact, before the gentle Christina and the Deer Eyes, with that quick-sighted instinct common to their sex, discovered, or rather began to suspect, that they were, or would soon

become, rivals. At least it was so with Christina; for the ignorance of Aonetti in the modes and customs that restrain the exhibition of certain feelings on the part of civilized women, kept her for a long time from knowing the state of Christina's heart. The Indian women are as remarkable for the tenderness and warmth of their affections, as the Indian men are for their coldness and indifference. They become suddenly and strongly attached, especially to white men; and, being entirely governed by the feelings of nature, do not hesitate to take upon themselves those advances, which, among civilized people, are the province of men alone. The gentle and tender simplicity with which the Indian girls of the better sort do this, is peculiarly affecting, and takes from their ad-

vances all appearance of indelicate forwardness.

The progress of this new sentiment in the heart of Aonetti, was indicated in the increasing languor of her eyes; her carelessness in the performance of domestic duties; her solitary walks, and her hanging about Christina's neck, kissing her, and whispering, "I love him—O how I love him!" She was accustomed, in her ramblings, to compose little extemporary songs, and hum them to wild tunes of her own fancying; one of which Christina caught, and translated, or at least imitated, in the following lines:

My love's like the deer in the forest that skip,
Like the cranberry's hue are his cheek and his lip;
His spirit sits by me at night when I sleep,
But when I awake it is gone, and I weep.
I love him—Oh how I love him!

But his bride, his *own* bride, I never shall be,
He loves, but he loves not, he loves not poor me!
When he's near me I'm sad, and wish him away,
And when he is gone, I could bless him to stay.
I love him—Oh how I *do* love him!

When Christina discovered the state of the Indian girl's heart, it did not weaken her affection for her adopted sister, or diminish her grateful recollection of the kindness which she owed to that kind-souled being. True, she did not perhaps think her a dangerous rival, or it is possible her feelings might have been somewhat different. As it was, she returned her caresses, and complied with her request to sing some of those songs that were favourites with Koningsmarke, that she too might learn them, and sing his heart away, as she expressed it in her figurative language. Though we firmly believe that Christina

was capable of feeling and exercising as much generosity as ever fell to the lot of woman, still we will not pretend to say, that her sympathy for the Deer Eyes would have continued unshaken, or survived the shock of her successful rivalship. As it was, however, it happened that circumstances and events occurred about this time, that united the two maidens in one common cause of jealousy and apprehension.

The Indians among whom our hero and heroine were now domesticated, had long been on ill terms with a tribe dwelling on the banks of the Ohio. There was a world of forest between them, it is true; but the hunting excursions of the savages, like the commercial pursuits of civilized men, often made tribes who lived at a distance from

each other, neighbours and rivals. Some hundred years before, one of the Ohio tribe had been killed, by an Indian of the Susquehanna, and the vengeance of an Indian never sleeps or dies. The former, not long previous to the period to which our history has now arrived, had sent a petticoat to the latter, accompanied by a most insulting message, that "they were women, and no warriors—and that they would shortly come, and make them run into the hollow trees like woodchucks." Such banters were not uncommon among the savages, and this message was considered a declaration of war.

This war message, with the reflection which it contained, enraged the Rolling Thunder and his warriors to such a degree, that they resolved, with the appro-

bation of the old men, to convince the Ohio Indians they were not women, by undertaking an expedition against them forthwith. Preparatory to setting out, however, they held a war dance.

This dance was accompanied by vocal and instrumental music. The latter was produced by a drum, made from a piece of hollow tree, cut off so as to leave one end closed by the wood, to hold water in the bottom. Over the other end was drawn a piece of dried skin, somewhat resembling parchment, and which, when beaten upon with a stick, produced a sound somewhat similar to a muffled drum. The party which was to go on this war expedition, collected round an aged Indian, who now began to sing, accompanying himself, by striking upon the drum at regular intervals.

Each of these warriors, armed either with a tomahawk, war-club, or spear, began to move forward in concert towards the west, the direction in which they were going to war. When they had advanced about fifty or sixty yards, they suddenly pointed their weapons, in a furious and threatening manner, towards their enemy, and, suddenly turning round, with a terrible shout, danced back in concert as before.

They then began the war song, which was sung by one person at a time, and consisted in relating, in a sort of recitativo, the exploits of the warrior himself, or what he was resolved to perform in the expedition.

These promises are similar to the vows of knight errantry; to shrink from their performance is considered an indelible

disgrace, and the warriors often sacrifice themselves rather than fail. At the end of the relation of every past exploit, the warrior struck a post with his tomahawk, and those who had witnessed what he related, testified to its truth by crying out—"Huh! huh!" On the contrary, if he related any thing that was doubtful, they shook their heads, and were perfectly silent. The whole ceremony was concluded by a loud shoot, and many young men, who had declined going to the war, were so animated with the scene, that they immediately signified their intention to join the expedition.

They next proceeded to the ceremony of adopting Lob Dotterel, whom it was their intention to admit into a participation of the glories of the expedition; he having at length gained their confidence,

by his apparent cheerfulness, and the readiness with which he accommodated himself to their habits and customs, Koningsmarke was already considered as belonging to the tribe, in virtue of the widow's choice.

The first part of this ceremony consisted in pulling out all the hair, except what grows just upon the crown of the head, which is left to be dressed after the Indian fashion. As, however, Lob Dotterel had no hair upon his head, they proceeded, in lieu thereof, to infringe upon his beard, which, by this time, had grown to a considerable length. In order to proceed the more expeditiously, the person who officiated in this matter ever and anon dipped his fingers into some ashes, which were placed on a piece of bark, that he might take the

better hold. The high constable winced at every twitch, and the tears rolled down his cheeks, to the great amusement of the spectators. This being finished, they proceeded to bore his nose and ears, into which they hung certain rich copper rings and jewels, of unknown price, having cost them whole kingdoms.

The high constable was then handed over to three or four squaws, who led him to the river side, bidding him plunge in head-foremost. To this Lob Dotterel demurred, it being his firm belief that they intended to drown him. Upon this they laid hold of him, and, spite of his sturdy resistance, dragged him into the water, where they rubbed and scrubbed him till he had scarcely any skin remaining. He was then led to the council house, where he was gorgeously decked

with a new pair of leggings and moccasins, beaded garters, porcupine quills, hair dyed red, and, finally, accommodated with a magnificent cap, made of the skin of a buffalo's head, with the horns on. Then seating him upon a bear skin, they gave him a pipe, a tomahawk, and a pouch containing the herb called killegenico, which they sometimes used instead of tobacco, and materials for striking fire. After this, they painted him in their best style, and with all the colours they had in their possession. This important ceremony being concluded, an aged chief arose and made him a long speech, the substance of which was as follows:—

"My son—You have just had all the white blood washed out of your body, and are now a red chief. You are a

great man, among a great nation of warriors, and are from this day called the Jumping Sturgeon, after a mighty Mingo chief, who fell many moons ago fighting with the Five Nations. My son, you are now of our flesh and bone; your heart is our heart—our hearts are your hearts—and as you fight in our quarrels, so will we defend and protect you as our son and brother!"

The Jumping Sturgeon was then solemnly introduced to his new kinsmen and kinswomen, and invited to a great feast, where he ate boiled corn with a wooden ladle, and got mortal tipsy; which last ceremony completed his initiation into the Muskrat tribe. Early the next morning, the painted warriors, accompanied by Koningsmarke and the illustrious Jumping Sturgeon, set forth

upon their expedition to the Ohio. Koningsmarke was followed by the tears of Christina, the hopes of Aonetti, and the encouragement of the widow, who comforted him with the assurance, that if he conducted himself like a brave warrior, she would, on his return with a reasonable number of scalps, make him sole lord of herself and her pewter work. The warriors left the village at the dawning of day, chanting their *marching song*, of which the following is a careless sort of translation:

To battle! to battle!
Hurrah! to battle!
Let them not see us!
Let them not hear us!
Let them not fear us!
Till they shall feel us!
March! march!

Hush! hush! hush!
We're on the track;
Yon fire at the bush
Has warm'd their back!

Crawl on the earth,
Smother your breath,
Be silent as death!
Hush! hush! hush!

They are near, they are near!
'Tis their last, last day!
Their death song I hear;
And now it dies away!
So shall they die;
Ere they hear our war-cry,
Low shall they lie!
Hark! they are near!

Halt! level your guns!
Your tomahawks lift,
Swift as the deer runs—
Swift, swift, swift!
Spare none, not one!
Let the hot blood run;
'Tis done—'tis done!
They are dead!

Nevermore, nevermore,
Shall they lift their head;
Nevermore, nevermore,
Shall they wake from the dead!
The dead shall sleep,
While the living weep.
Let them mourn, mourn, mourn;
The dead, the dead will return
Nevermore, nevermore!

CHAPTER IV.

"Then straight they seiz'd their tomahawks, and fast (not very slow)
They on their cruel business all silently did go,
Until they came to where the gentle stream did flow;
And then with blood did quickly run the silver Ohio."

Western Boatman's Ballad.

THE war party, accompanied by Koningsmarke, and the new chief, the Jumping Sturgeon, dressed in the manner before described, proceeded with great celerity on its march towards the Ohio. The savages never encumber themselves with baggage, and generally fight in a breech-cloth, leggings, and moccasins. Although there is no punishment but that of disgrace among them, they act in concert on their war expedi-

tions, and obey the orders of the chief warrior with cheerfulness and punctuality. The officers lay the plan of attack, and conduct the operations until the battle commences, when every man fights for himself, as if the victory depended on him alone. The order to advance or retreat is generally given with a yell or a shout, which is readily understood and obeyed. No corporeal punishment was permitted or practised among these tribes, either in peace or war, except in retaliation for similar outrages; and such is their abhorrence of stripes, that they never even chastise their children. On one occasion, a chief beat his son, a boy of about ten years old, during the absence of its mother, who, on her return, was so indignant at the outrage, that she took the boy with

her, and departed, like another Hagar, to the wilderness. Her husband traced her to a distant tribe, and, being unable to persuade her to return, remained with her, and never joined his friends afterwards. The only punishment inflicted on children, is that of ducking, which accounts for a saying among them, that their pappooses are always better in winter than in summer, as they do not mind a ducking in warm weather.

The party proceeded with that silence and celerity, so characteristic of the redmen of the western hemisphere, until they arrived within about half a day's journey of the village inhabited by their enemies. Each man was then forbidden either to make a noise, or fire a gun, and they remained lying on the ground, in the thick woods, until dark, when they

commenced their march, with even greater caution and swiftness than before. Their object was to effect a complete surprise, by approaching the village without even alarming the dogs, those watchful guardians of the night. About two hours before day they arrived at the little town. There was not a fire burning, and every soul in it seemed fast asleep. Not a sound was heard, except the owl and the wolf, the former screaming, the latter howling his dismal notes at a distance. All at once, and just before the Muskrats and Mud Turtles had made their final dispositions for the onset, a deep-mouthed hound yelled forth the signal of alarm, which was answered by a hundred others in an instant.

At the sound of this well-known signal, the sleeping warriors of the village

started up, and, seizing their arms, rushed out, while the assailants as suddenly came upon them. The village fronted close on the river's bank, which consisted of two steps, or terraces, rising one above the other, the uppermost receding fifteen or twenty paces in the rear of the other. These are generally denominated, at the present time, the first and second banks of the rivers of the west. Below ran the Ohio, with a deep and somewhat rapid current.

An Indian battle is like one of Homer's, and consists, for the most part, in a series of personal contests. Each one singles out his adversary, and personal strength and prowess carry the day. Dire was the yelling and shouting which succeeded the alarm in the village. The warriors of the Ohio, though taken by

surprise, fought manfully, and the various feats of arms performed that morning, might throw into the shade the splendid acts of tilt and tourney. Among those who most distinguished themselves on this occasion, was the Jumping Sturgeon, who, making a virtue of necessity, and not daring to run away, fought right valiantly, from pure instinct, to save his life.

He was singled out by a tall Indian, just about daylight, who, watching the moment when he had discharged his gun, and before he could load again, quickly adranced upon him with his lifted tomahawk. The Sturgeon clubbed his musket, and both slowly approached, cautiously eyeing each other, At length the tall chief let fly his tomahawk, which his adversary watching,

presented his buffalo cap with such surprising judgment, that the weapon was received upon one of the horns, and fell innocuous to the ground, doing the Sturgeon no other damage than that of sitting his head to ringing bob-majors. Taking advantage, however, of the temporary confusion created by his said ringing, the tall Chief suddenly rushed upon the *ci-devant* high constable of Elsingburgh; before he could make a blow with his musket, and a mortal contest of skill and strength took place. They fell, the tall Indian uppermost. In this situation the Indian began to yell horribly, and to feel for his knife; but, luckily for the Jumping Sturgeon, his adversary wore, by way of ornament, that day, a woman's apron, which he had bought from a French trader, and,

in the hurry of surprise, tied on over his knife. This prevented his getting it out as quickly as he otherwise would have done, and enabled Lob Dotterel, alias the Jumping Sturgeon, to get one of his thumbs in his mouth. This not only disabled one of the Indian's hands, but embarrassed the operation of the other, by the pain it occasioned. At length the Indian got hold of the blade of his knife, just below the haft, at the moment the other found an opportunity to seize the handle, chewing the Indian's thumb all the while with great vigour. As the Indian pulled the knife out of the scabbard, Lob gave his thumb a terrible screw between his teeth, and, at the same moment, jerked the knife through his hand, cutting the fingers to the bone. This disconcerted the Indian, so that he

relaxed his hold, and, by a sudden effort, the other threw him off and jumped on his feet, just as the Indian also did the same. The valiant Sturgeon, however, continued to hold fast the Indian's thumb between his grinders with singular tenacity, and thus maintained a decided advantage over his antagonist, to whose ribs he was at length enabled to apply the knife he had wrested from him. The moment he felt the application, although it was arrested by the said ribs, the Indian gave a yell, and, with a violent start, drew part of his thumb from betwixt the high constable's grinders, a portion of it remaining behind, and retreated with great precipitation, leaving his adversary master of the field.

In the mean time the battle raged with great fury in the village, and along

the river's bank. The Long Finne having, in the confusion of the fight, followed a stout chief to the edge of the first bank, the latter suddenly turned about, seized, and drew him down on the beach, just at the edge of the water, where was hid an Indian boy, of about fourteen or fifteen years of age. The Long Finne fell uppermost, but during the struggle to keep him down, the warrior said something to the Indian lad, who ran up the bank like a deer, and almost instantly returned with a tomahawk. On perceiving his approach, the large Indian put his arms about Kouingsmarke, and held him fast with all his strength, while the other approached with his lifted tomahawk. Thus pinioned, the youth had no other resource but to watch the blow of the Indian lad, which

he opportunely arrested by a kick, that knocked it from his grasp to some distance. At this, the large Indian uttered an exclamation of contempt for the lad, who immediately ran and picked up the tomahawk, with which he again approached, but with great caution, making various evolutions and pretended blows to deceive Koningsmarke, till he got an opportunity to give the fatal one. Such, however, was the vigilance and activity of Koningsmarke, that he escaped this time, with a wound in his arm, that failed in disabling him. Perceiving the lad was returning again to repeat the blow, and being conscious that this mode of warfare must result entirely to his disadvantage, he made a sudden, violent, and unexpected effort, escaped from the embrace of the large

Indian, gained his feet, seized his musket, which he had dropped in falling down the bank, and shot the Indian boy through the heart, as he ran up a third time with his tomahawk.

The large Indian was now on his feet also, and, suddenly seizing Koningsmarke by the leg, pitched him heels over head into the water. The same impulse carried the Indian down the slippery bank after him; and now a desperate and deadly struggle ensued, each straining every nerve, and exerting every art and effort to drown his adversary. Sometimes one would be under, and sometimes the other, until, half strangled, Koningsmarke had the good fortune to seize the Indian by the only lock of hair he wore on his head. By this means he was enabled to force his

head under water, and to keep it there. This appeared to decide the conflict. The efforts of the Indian seemed gradually to relax, and to become apparently unpurposed, as if he was fast sinking into insensibility. Koningsmarke relaxed his grasp, and discovered too late the wily stratagem. The moment he let go his hair the Indian was on his feet again, and the contest was renewed, until, as they by degrees pushed each other into the stream, they were borne by the current beyond their depth.

The instinct of self-preservation soon took another direction. Both, as if actuated by one impulse, now let go of each other, and made for the shore, to seize the weapons which were lying there, consisting of the tomahawk and two guns, one of which, belonging to

the Indian, had not been discharged. The Indian was the better swimmer of the two, and succeeded in gaining the shore first. He ran to the loaded musket, and almost at the same moment Koningsmarke seized the tomahawk. The Indian raised the gun, took a sure and deadly aim, and drew the trigger. The gun snapped, and before the savage warrior could cock her again, the active youth sprung upon him, and buried the tomahawk in his burning brain. He uttered a horrible yell; but even in the agonies of death, remembering the point of honour, which, among the sons of the forest, consists in not leaving their dead bodies in the hands of their enemies, with a dying effort, he plunged into the stream, where he was

carried down the current, beyond the reach of his enemies.*

By this time, the resistance of the Indian villagers had ceased. They had fought long enough to enable their wives and children to escape beyond the river, and, having lost many of their best warriors, besides others that were wounded, the survivors took an opportunity, at a well-known signal, to plunge into the river, where, by dexterously diving at every discharge of their enemies, and other evolutions, they finally gained the opposite bank, and disappeared. The victors then set fire to the village, after plundering it; yelled, danced, feasted, and sung, during the rest of the day, and at night departed in triumph to their homes.

* See Indian Wars.

But we ought not to omit mentioning, that, after all, the success of the expedition of the Muskrats and Mud-Turtles, was, in no small degree, owing to that great medicine, Lob Dotterel's wig. The wig had been solemnly consigned to the custody of the principal priest, or conjurer, who clapped it on his head, and accompanied the party. when the battle commenced, the conjurer danced, sung, cut capers, and made such an intolerable noise, as to excite the particular attention of one of the hostile chiefs, who immediately advanced to silence him. The conjurer retreated—the warrior followed—and, coming up with him, seized his queue, which, to his utter dismay, came off' leaving the bare pate of the conjurer perfectly uninjured. The simple warrior

of the forest was dismayed at this strange wonder; and it was soon whispered about that the enemy was in possession of a great medicine, which preserved their heads at the expense of their hair. This discouraged the Ohio warriors, so that they did not fight with a good heart afterwards. On such trifles do the fate of villages, cities, and empires turn!

BOOK SIXTH.

CHAPTER I.

In the course of our relaxations from the labours of this stupendous work, we the other day, while lounging, as is our custom, about a worthy bookseller's shop, were somewhat amused by the criticisms of a couple of smart young gentlemen on the new novel called the Pioneers. This they agreed in pronouncing absolutely *vulgar*, a phrase than which none other ever spoken or written, is so absolutely fatal to a book in the *beau monde*. The smartest of the young

gentlemen maintained, with an air of authority, that nearly all the characters of that work were exceedingly low, the scenes and incidents vulgar and common-place, and the whole scope and tenor of it only fit to amuse and edify the almanac readers, and connoisseurs in dying speeches. The other not only assented to this, but added likewise, that the tale was destitute of interest, and totally wanting in those high-wrought scenes of guilt or misery, which give such a zest to the fashionable novels and plays of the present age.

We confess we were somewhat startled at these criticisms, especially as they were uttered by two of the best dressed young fellows we had seen in a long time, and our coat, to say the truth, being considerably out of date, as well

as not a little threadbare, we felt our taste and judgment somewhat overawed upon this occasion. Returning to our solitary lodging, we fell upon attempting to account for this perhaps fashionable opinion of a work we had read with a pleasure and interest we felt almost ashamed to avow in the presence of such well-dressed judges, and which, till that moment, we had considered as one of the most agreeable, as well as natural pictures, of a state of society peculiar to our country, that we had ever seen. Our early life, too, had been passed in the midst of rural scenes and rural society, and we could bear testimony, on the authority of our own experience, to the truth and nature of the author's delineations, not only of character and manners, but of seasons and scenery.

Nay, we had actually known a Richard Jones, a village doctor, an emigrant Frenchman, and a Squire Doolittle, so like those introduced in the Pioneers, that we could almost swear they were the same. The gradual opening of the forest; the introduction of religious worship; the establishment of courts of justice; the new-year sports and festivals; and the progress of a new settlement in all its features, from a state of nature to a state of society, was so familiar to our recollection, that the reading of this charming work seemed actually to present before us the picture hitherto only preserved in the memory of the past.

Such being the case, we did not like to hear those characters with whom we had been accustomed to associate, and

those little incidents and amusements which we had mingled in and shared with such a relish, in the days of boyhood, treated as low and vulgar. Sure we are, that nature and simplicity are not the soils in which such weeds are produced, and that the manners and customs peculiar to a large portion of the human race, however they may differ from those of a more artificial, not to say corrupt society, could not be justly branded with the imputation of vulgarity.

Reflecting in retirement upon these matters, we gradually fell into a train of reflections, which, we believe, will in some measure account for the condemnation bestowed upon one of our favourite works, by the two fashionable young gentlemen before mentioned.

With certain people, perhaps a large portion of those who read novels, every thing which is not fashionable is vulgar. A worthy farmer or mechanic, in a clean white frock, and thick-soled shoes, is vulgar, and therefore ought not to be introduced into a genteel novel. The picture of a village group dancing at a ball with might and main must also of necessity be vulgar—because they are not fashionably dressed, and do not understand the mysteries of the cotillion, the allemande, the partridge run, and the pigeon wing. In short, with this class of readers and critics, every trait of nature, and every exhibition of manners, or dress, which does not come up to the standard of fashionable elegance, is of necessity low and vulgar. Compared, indeed, with a masquerade, where

all the mysteries of intrigue are practised, or a fashionable ball, where nakedness stares us in the face, the country ball may be perfectly pure and innocent ; still it must be low, vulgar, nay, indecent, because the dancers are not fashionable people, nor the decorations, the music, and the steps, such as would be tolerated by a genuine fashionable reader.

If we trace this vulgar error to its source, we shall find it, in general, flowing from a false opinion with regard to what constitutes real refinement. In the general estimation, refinement, or gentility, as opposed to vulgarity, consists not in intellectual, or moral superiority, but in outward manners and outward splendours, in station, title, or wealth. This opinion is the offspring of igno-

rance and vulgarity combined; and, accordingly, we shall generally find, that those who declaim most against a book as vulgar, are the vulgar themselves, or, at least, those pretended persons of refinement, who graduate gentility according to the scale just mentioned.

This impression, with respect to the indissoluble connexion between rank and title on one hand, and refinement and gentility on the other, is, perhaps, stronger in this country than elsewhere. The imaginations of our youthful readers are early prepared by the books which are generally put into their hands, to estimate the refinement of persons according to their rank and precedence, without regarding any other criterion. This first impression remains unimpaired by the subsequent results of experience

and observation, because here we seldom or never have an opportunity of correcting it, by comparing the phantom of our imagination with the real being whom we have been accustomed to regard with such unqualified admiration. Hence it is, that we are too apt to consider all the actions of the higher orders of society, such as kings and nobles, as perfectly genteel, and all those of the lower degrees of people, as low and vulgar. For this reason, too, it is absolutely indispensable, that all the heroes, heroines, and principal actors in our novels, and other works of imagination, should be of a certain rank, in order to escape the charge of vulgarity. Unfortunately for us, in this republican country, we have neither kings nor nobility, to render our literature genteel; and,

consequently, the writer, who, like the author of the Pioneers, confines himself to the homely characters of this land of equality, instead of introducing his readers to levees and drawing-rooms, must remain subject to the imputation of vulgarity, unless some other standard can be found by which to regulate our opinions.

That there is such a standard, and that it is the only true one, is, we think, quite incontrovertible. If we come fairly to put the question to the test, it will be found that the essence of vulgarity consists, more or less, in its approaches to what is actually vicious and indecent. It is, in fact, much more nearly allied to morals than to manners. Whatever approximates to vice or indecency, or whatever leads the imagination, by a natural

connexion, to impressions that are allied to either, is in itself, in a similar degree, low and vulgar. Thus, when we read of a King of Prussia getting intoxicated, and beating his wife or his daughter, whatever be the rank of the parties, the scene is as intrinsically vulgar, as if it were laid in the kitchen of a palace, or the bar of a country tavern. So, also, when in a late popular work of the "Great Unknown," we are introduced to the court of a king, and presented with pictures of morals the most debauched and corrupt; with titled pimps, and prostitute duchesses; with a parent seeking to compass the purposes of revenge, by placing his only daughter in the power of a systematic seducer and voluptuary—not the rank of the actors, the splendours of a court, nor the false

glitter thrown around the whole by the genius of the writer, can rescue the picture from the imputation of vulgar indecency.

There is nothing of all this in the novel of the Pioneers; neither exhibitions of high-born or vulgar vice; and we think we may go so far as to challenge the very best dressed of our fashionable critics, to point out a scene or a sentiment in that work, which, by any natural association, will affect the imagination with ideas of vulgar sensuality, or encourage a violation either of decency or morality. The whole is pure, and unsoiled by any thing of the kind; and, for ourselves, we are not afraid to invite a comparison, with regard to this essential point of vulgarity, between the fireside of the worthy Judge Temple, and

the beer-drinking, bear-baiting festivity of Kenilworth, or the gross corruptions of the court of Charles the Second, on both of which the most polished of our readers banquet with such a refined *gusto*.

CHAPTER II.

"Death! what is it?
It may be, 'tis—hum—
It may be, 'tis not too."

THE Muskrat and Mud-Turtle warriors returned to their homes, bringing with them the body of one of their chiefs, who had died of his wounds on the second day of their journey. On coming within hearing of the village, they uttered the death howl, as was their custom, to signify that they had lost one of their number. This howl was perfectly understood by the wives and mothers of the tribes, who rushed forth, with dismal shrieks, to meet the train,

each one not knowing but that she had lost a son or a husband. The body of the chief was then placed on the shoulders of four of the most distinguished warriors, and carried in procession to the village, followed by the women and old men, the former tearing their hair, and uttering shrieks, that echoed in the recesses of the forest. The near relations of the deceased, however, followed in profound silence, without exhibiting any marks of affliction, it being considered unworthy of the fallen chief for his kindred to weep over his fate.

They dressed the corpse, seated it on a mat, in the posture to which the warrior was most accustomed when alive, and, sitting in a circle around him, pronounced his funeral eulogy, by relating,

one by one, his exploits in battle, as well as those of his ancestors. When these were finished, they chaunted a sort of funeral hymn, something to the following effect, as nearly as it can be rendered from their native language :

Thou art here, and yet thou art gone!
  Thou look'st as thou didst before;
Thou seemest a man, yet art none;
  Thou art gone, to return no more.

Thou art, yet hast ceased to be;
  Thy form and thy face appear;
Thou hast eyes, yet thou canst not see,
  Thou hast ears, yet thou canst not hear.

Was it thou that talk'd with us erewhile?
  Was it thou that went with us to fight?
Was it thou that shared battle and toil?
  Was it thou that wert with us last night?

Yes! thou art here, and yet art away;
  We see thee, and yet thou art not;
Thy life is like yesterday—
  And nothing remains but what's nought.

That something which made thee alive,
  Where is it—what was it—where, where?
'Twas a spirit—that still must survive
  In the stars, or the sky, or the air.

To that spirit these honours we pay—
That spirit which still hears us mourn—
That something which ne'er shall decay,
That something which ne'er shall return.

The body of the red chief was then carried to a hut prepared for the purpose, where it remained twenty-four hours, during which time the tribes were engaged in feasting and dancing. It was then carried to the grave, and buried, sitting upright, with the face to the rising sun. The friends and relatives threw the arms of the dead warrior into the grave, with pipes, tobacco, corn, and some pieces of wampum. The grave was then closed, and the name of the deceased, from that time, never uttered by either his relatives or friends.

During the absence of Koningsmarke on the war expedition, Christina and

the Indian maid did little else but ponder upon the dangers to which he was exposed, and weep. They still continued to love each other, although the secret consciousness of rivalry, that gradually arose in the bosom of each, prompted them to seek in separate solitudes the indulgence of their feelings. At times, Aonetti, after an absence of several hours, during which she wandered in the woods, or along the bank of the river, would return, and weep on the bosom of Christina. "I love you," she would say—"I love you; but I know that you will be the cause of my unhappiness. Some time or other you will go home, and he will follow you. I shall then be left alone; I shall lose my love, and there will be none left even to pity me." Christina, safe in the conscious-

ness of her love being amply returned, could afford to pity her rival ; and she did pity her, although she could not help feeling a certain aukward sensation, that sometimes caused her to return the caresses of the Indian maid with a coldness that did not always escape her notice. "I tire you," would Aonetti exclaim, and retire to weep, and sing her melancholy songs.

How long the mutual friendship of these two innocent girls would have continued to withstand the jealousies of love, it is impossible to tell, for now a more formidable rival announced herself, and diverted their mutual fears to one object. The Indian widow, who had saved the life of Koningsmarke by claiming him as her slave, being smitten with the relation of his prowess in the late battle,

and his desperate encounter with the two Indians, made known to the chiefs and sages her intention of choosing him for her husband, in the room of the one she had lost. This proposal was received with approbation by all, and preparations were made accordingly to celebrate the wedding with great pomp.

This news came like cold steel to the hearts of the two young women, who could now fully sympathize with each other. "We shall now mourn together," exclaimed Aonetti; "we shall both be wretched. Let us never part." Koningsmarke, however disinclined to this match, knew that if he discovered any unwillingness, the insult would be felt by all the tribe, and resented with the most inflexible severity. He therefore appeared highly sensible of the

happiness and honour that awaited him, resolving, at the same time, to lose not a moment in concerting with Christina the means of immediate escape. Watching an opportunity, while she was taking a solitary walk, and when she was out of the reach of observation, he met her, shedding tears alone by the side of the stream.

"Christina, why do you weep?" exclaimed the youth. Christina started, and hastily wiped her eyes.

"I have lost my home, my father, and all that I loved, or that loved me. They have forgotten me too, or they would, ere this, have sought me until I was found. I shall never see them again. Is it any wonder that I weep?"

Koningsmarke sat down by her side, took her hand, and kissed it. "Thou

hast yet one friend who will never desert thee. I have been as the son of thy poor father; I will be as the brother of his child; dearer and nearer than a brother, if thou wilt give me leave."

"Nearer and dearer thou canst not be," replied the gentle maid, withdrawing her hand. "The husband of another can be no nearer to me than a brother. Thou wilt become a savage in thy heart, and the parent of savages."

"Nay, give me thy hand," he replied; "I swear by the gratitude I owe thy parent, by the love I bear to thee, by all my hopes here and beyond the grave, I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee."

"But thou wilt wed with another; and—and"—Here she hid her face with her hands, and wept on his shoulder.

"Hear me, Christina," cried the youth. "Were the stake and the fagot the alternative, as I have reason to believe they are, I would not wed any but thee. I sought you, to tell you so—to concert means for our escape—to place all on one cast—to live for thee, or to die with thee. Darest thou flee with me to-night, and risk the chance of being re-taken, and tortured at the stake?"

"I can dare all," replied Christina; "but only to see thee in the arms of another."

Koningsmarke held her to his breast for a moment, with a feeling of unutterable tenderness and gratitude, and then proceeded to explain his plan for escaping. By occasionally questioning the savages, he had, without exciting

their suspicions, gained sufficient information, as he supposed, to enable him to shape his course, so as to strike the Delaware somewhere in the vicinity of Elsingburgh and Coaquanock. In pursuance of this plan, it was arranged, that, while the Indians were feasting and carousing, as they proposed to do that night, in honour of his approaching nuptials, they should, separately, as soon as the savages became intoxicated, as was their custom, repair to the spot where they now sat, and from thence pursue the route that Koningsmarke supposed would lead them the nearest way home.

"Christina," said the youth, solemnly, "I cannot disguise from thee the toils thou wilt be obliged to sustain, and the imminent danger of our being

overtaken, and tortured to death by slow degrees. To me all this is nothing —but for thee—O God!—to see thy snow-white skin blackened in the fire— thy beauteous limbs the sport of barbarous cruelty—thy precious blood— thy life, dearer than all this earth— dearer than heaven itself—wasting— wasting away, by drops—breath by breath! Think ere thou shalt decide. We must now separate, for fear of observation."

"If," said Christina, "the fatigue should bear hard upon me, I will call to my aid the hope that I shall meet my poor father ere long. If we are overtaken, I will try not to despair; and if we are placed together at the stake, I will endeavour to support the torture, by thy example, and God's help."

"Let us part, then, at once," replied the youth; "and Heaven prosper us this night. Farewell. Should you chance to come hither before me, wait, and be not afraid."

He kissed her cheek, and they returned, separately and at different times, to the village, where, luckily, owing to the preparations for the feast, which occupied the attention of all, their absence had not been noticed.

CHAPTER III.

"But he got down on t'other side,
And then they couldn't find him;
He ran fourteen miles in fifteen days,
And never look'd behind him."

The night set in with rout and revelry, with drinking, feasting, dancing, and shouts, that rent the solitudes of the forest, and silenced the very howlings of its hungry tenants. On these occasions, it is usual to appoint persons to guard the arms of the warriors, and keep themselves sober, lest, in the mad excesses of drunkenness, the barbarous bacchanals should get possession of them, and maim or murder one another. Koningsmarke, at his particular request, was appointed

to this station, and Lob Dotterel, much against the wishes of the youth, appointed his assistant. The latter part of this arrangement embarrassed Koningsmarke not a little, since the company of the high constable of Elsingburgh rendered his secret departure much more difficult, and he did not dare to associate him in his plan of escape, for fear of being betrayed.

As the night waned away, the scene of savage debauchery became more disgusting and horrible. Some were howling an unintelligible jargon, some rolling upon the earth like drunken swine, and others venting their excited passions in struggles, in which the madness of rage was contrasted with the imbecility of beastly intoxication. By degrees, one after another, they sunk into a deep

sleep, and all remained quiet. Now was the eventful hour; but the presence of Lob Dotterel, whom Koningsmarke had vainly attempted to persuade to retire, and leave him to watch alone, restrained his departure. At length his patience became exhausted, and, desiring that trusty officer to wait his return a few moments, he seized a gun, a tomahawk, and a knife, having previously provided himself with ammunition, and hastily departed.

Approaching the appointed spot, his heart beat with uncontrollable apprehension at not seeing Christina. He pronounced her name, and he saw her white figure glide from behind a tree. "I thought you would never come," said the trembling girl, as she panted in his arms.

"To hold thee thus," whispered Koningsmarke, "is a happiness I could wish to last for ever; but there is not a moment to be lost; let us away, and God be our guide."

They struck into the forest, in the direction marked out by the Long Finne, and had proceeded about half a mile, when they thought they heard footsteps behind them.

"We are pursued," cried Christina—"we are lost."

"Hush!" whispered the youth—"perhaps it is only some wild animal."

"Heaven grant it may be," cried Christina: "the wolf or the bear would be more welcome than man."

They stopped, and listened in breathless anxiety. Some one was heard trampling slowly through the bushes.

but whether man or beast could not be discerned, as the moon had just gone behind a cloud. Presently it emerged, and they could see the figure of a man, at a little distance, watching them.

"He must be quieted," cried Koningsmarke, and, grasping his gun, advanced a few steps towards the figure.

"Oh don't kill him," cried Christina; "perhaps it is some friend"

"I will know soon," replied he. "Whoever you are, speak, or die."

"A friend," exclaimed the figure, in the well-known voice of honest Lob Dotterel. "I watched you," said the high constable, coming up, "for I observed you had something in hand. You would not trust me—but I will be true as steel. I mean to go with you, and share your fate, be it what it may."

"Thou art right welcome, Lob," quoth the Long Finne—"but every moment is a life to one or all of us. Pass we on."

Alternately assisting, supporting, and sometimes carrying Christina, they passed rapidly on their way, and, by the dawn of the morning, had proceeded several miles, without meeting with any interruption, except what nature presented. Christina complained of fatigue, and it was agreed to rest a little while, as they supposed the savages would sleep late that morning, from the effects of the night's debauchery. They accordingly sat down, and partook of some dried venison, with which Koningsmarke had supplied himself. In a few minutes they heard the report of a gun, and, an instant after, a wounded deer bounded

past them, and fell dead within a few yards of where they sat. Koningsmarke and the high constable started on their feet at once, and stood ready for what might follow. A few moments elapsed in this state of suspense, when they observed two Indians, armed with guns, approaching among the trees. Quick as lightning, on observing the two white-men, they darted each behind a separate tree, and, in almost as little time, the others did the like, Koningsmarke snatching Christina, and placing her behind him, under cover of the tree.

Each party now remained, with their guns cocked, watching till the exposure of some part of the body of an adversary should give them an opportunity of firing with effect. It has been observed as a characteristic of the Indians, that

they never willingly come to a personal contest with a white-man, or engage, in fact, in any way, if they can avoid it, till some advantage presents itself. In this state of awful suspense, Koningsmarke seized an opportunity to motion to the high constable to follow his example. He then took off his hat, and waved it, as sportsmen do when they wish to decoy a duck, alternately holding it out from behind the tree, and snatching it back again. His example was promptly followed by Lob, with his buffalo cap. In the dense obscurity of morning, in a deep forest, the two Indians were deceived by this stratagem, and, believing it to be their antagonists thus peeping from behind their covert, fired at the same instant. Both hat and cap fell to the ground, and the

two Indians rushed out, to use the tomahawk and scalping knife on their fallen foes. As they came on heedlessly, the two white-men took a deliberate aim, one at each, and fired. The foremost fell dead; the other bounded into the woods, uttering the howl of pain and baffled rage, and disappeared.

Instantly loading their guns, they proceeded on their journey, with the increased apprehension, arising from the possibility that the wounded savage might reach the village, and alarm the warriors into immediate pursuit. In passing by the dead body of the savage, Christina, influenced and impelled by that fascination which horror exercises over the human mind, involuntarily turned to look at it, and recognized the features of Aonetti's brother, who she now

recollected had been out several days on a hunting expedition. "Poor Aonetti!" she mentally exclaimed, "I was born to be your bane"—and Christina at that moment forgot her dangers, in thinking on the sufferings of her kind-hearted sister.

Little occurred during the rest of the day, except increasing toils and difficulties in the march, accompanied by increasing weariness. They made a sort of litter of the branches, and, from time to time, carried the weary girl upon their shoulders. But their progress, slow at first, became more slow as the day wore away, so that night overtook them before they had completed twenty miles, according to their best computation. The apprehension of pursuit, and the danger of being overtaken, now

yielded to the demands of nature, and they were forced to take some rest. They formed a rude shelter, with the bark and branches of trees, for Christina, while they laid down, one on each side of the entrance. Weariness soon closed their eyes, in spite of every motive for wakefulness. They slept for several hours, and, probably, would have slept till morning, had they not been roused by the knell of death. Starting up, the two white-men found themselves, at the same instant, seized, and pinioned, with their hands behind their backs, before they could possibly make any resistance.

The wretched Christina, whom the sight of the savage group, and the sound of their dismal yell, had struck into a temporary insensibility to all around

her, was seized, and, sometimes dragged, sometimes carried, forced along with her unfortunate companions towards the village from whence they had attempted to escape. They passed by the spot where the affray of the morning took place, and, pointing to the dead body of the chief, whirled their tomahawks in the air, over the heads of the two prisoners, giving them to understand, at the same time, they had not sacrificed them on the spot, because they meant to torture them to death. Taking up the dead body, they then marched in procession to the village, chanting their death song by the way.

CHAPTER IV.

" Theye tyed hymme toe ye fatale tree,
And lyghted uppe ye pyle,
And daunc'd and sunge ryghte merrilie,
But he could'ent rayse a smyle."

On arriving at the village, the procession was met, according to custom, by a crowd of women and children, who, amidst yells and shrieks, denounced the most bitter imprecations upon the wretched fugitives, and were with difficulty prevented from putting them to instant death. Among the most violent of these, were the widow whom Koningsmarke was to have married, and the mother of Aonetti; the one maddened with jealous rage, the other, by

the wild, unrestrained feelings of a savage mother, who had lost her only son. The Indian maid did not appear; whether detained by her own feelings, or from some other cause, we cannot tell.

The savages, however wild, and free from the ordinary restraints of civilized society, had yet some forms of justice. A council of the chiefs and old men was convened immediatcly, and the case of the three captives taken into consideration. After a grave debate, it was unanimously decided, that Koningsmarke and Lob Dotterel, having both been solemnly adopted into the tribe, and received as brothers—having deserted them, and, in so doing, taken the life of one of their bravest chiefs, should perish by the torture that very day. With respect to the poor white maid, there was

at first some doubts as to the degree of her participation in the guilt of her companions. While balancing on her fate, Aonetti rushed into the council room, with dishevelled hair, and frantic gestures. She threw herself, one by one, at the feet of the old men, embraced their knees, and claimed of them the pardon of her adopted sister. "She is innocent," cried the gentle maid; "she only sought to join her father. Which of you would blame your daughter if she tried to escape from the white-men, and come to you? I have lost my only brother, and I am about to lose—but spare me my sister, that I may have some one to love."

The tears and supplications of the Indian maid fell upon the hard hearts of the old men, and with some difficulty

they consented that Christina should be given in charge to her adopted sister. The moment Aonetti heard their decision, she ran, with the lightness of a deer, to the hut where the three captives were confined, and, making her way in, threw herself into the arms of her poor Mimi.

"Thou art safe—thou art spared, my sister," she exclaimed. "And our friends?"—panted Christina, in almost unintelligible accents.

The Indian maid, as if struck with a sudden pang of recollection, slowly turned, looked at Koningsmarke, and then hid her face in the bosom of Christina. So expressive was her look and action, that each of the wretched prisoners understood what she could not speak.

"'Tis well," said Koningsmarke;

"a life of wandering wretchedness and poverty, in the old world, is now to be brought to a miserable end in the new. For myself—but you, Oh! you, my poor Christina, what will become of you? Thy pure and innocent soul is redeemed; but who shall redeem thy body from this woful captivity?"

"Death!" said Christina. "Dost thou think I can know of thy tortures—of thy death—of the furies tearing thy flesh—of the flaming brands being thrust into thy body—the coals—Oh God!—the live coals being sprinkled on thy bare head, till madness, insensibility, and death relieve thee—dost thou think I can bear all this and live? No, no—I shall die, if not with thee, but a little while after thee."

"But live, I beseech thee, Christina,"

said Koningsmarke, "for the sake of thy father, who"—

"My father! I shall never see him more. Perhaps ere this his gray hairs have been brought in sorrow to the grave. Perhaps—but it matters little to him or me. When you are gone, who shall guide me homeward? who risk his life to restore me to a parent, even if he lives? No, no—I shall never see him more! I have nothing to live for, since you are lost to me."

"My hours are numbered," replied Koningsmarke, as he heard a distant shout—"Come hither, Christina—nearer—yet nearer. My arms are pinioned," continued he, with a melancholy smile—"you need not fear me." She approached, and leaned her head on his shoulder.

"God bless thee, my dear one, for

never blessing fell upon a more innocent head than thine. In this last hour, tell me one thing. Had we returned to Elsingburgh in safety together, wouldst thou have joined thy fate with mine in the presence of heaven? wouldst thou have tried to forget the long-past time, and lived only in the future?"

"In the presence of Heaven, I would," replied Christina—"I would, had the shade of my mother haunted our bridal bed. My love and my gratitude should have conquered my remembrance of the errors of thy youth."

"Then seal it with a last kiss; and now, come what will, by the blessing of God, I stand prepared for whatsoever may happen. A little while, and we shall meet again—or I have been dreaming all my life."

"Aonetti," continued he, to the Indian maid, who had stood in a distant corner, with her face from them, weeping—"Aonetti, come hither."

She approached. "Take your sister's hand, and promise to be kind to her when I am gone,"

The Indian maid shook her head. "What! will you not promise me this, Aonetti?"

"She must be kind to me," replied the Indian maid, "for I shall be more wretched than Mimi. She will remember thy love, but I shall only remember thy death."

"But you will promise to be kind to her?" repeated Koningsmarke.

"Yes, yes, if I can remember any one but thee and myself," said Aonetti.

At that moment the door flew open

with violence, and a crowd rushed in. They seized Koningsmarke and the poor high constable, who, ever since his recapture, had been in a sort of stupor, and hurried them towards the river side, where, on a little level greensward, were placed two stakes, around which, at a distance of three or four paces, were placed piles of wood. In their progress to the funeral pyres, Koningsmarke and Lob Dotterel were harassed and beaten with sticks by the women and boys, who vented their rage in every possible variety of injury and insult. Among these, the widow, whose affections had been treated with such contemptuous ingratitude, was the most conspicuous. With dishevelled hair, and ferocious gestures, she followed him step by step, taunting him with the beauties of his white woman, alarming

his fears by threats of terrible vengeance on poor Christina, and triumphing in the prospect of his approaching tortures.

"Look!" cried the virago; "yonder is the stake and the pile; I shall hear thee groan—I shall see the hot brands, the live coals scorch thee—I shall see the knife and the tomahawk enter thy flesh—I shall see thy limbs tremble like a woman—and I shall laugh, when the drops of agony roll down thy forehead."

Arrived at the stake, they proceeded to strip the two victims, with the exception of their waists, and to paint them black with charcoal and grease. They were then fastened to the stake, and, all being ready, the horrible ceremony was about to begin, when Aonetti came running franticly to the spot. Christina

had sunk into a temporary insensibility, when the crowd carried off Koningsmarke, and, on coming to herself, besought Aonetti to make one last effort to reprieve the unfortunate youth.

"It is too late now," said the Indian maid—"'tis too late; they will spurn me; they will beat me away. They are mad with rage and cruelty."

"Then I will go," hastily exclaimed Christina, starting up at the same time. "Perhaps they will pity my sorrows."

"Pity!" said Aonetti, despondingly—"Pity! they know it not. If you seek to stop them, they will tear you to pieces."

"No matter—no matter—my heart is torn to pieces already. Let them tear my flesh, I care not. Come, come—'twill be too late."

"'Tis too late already—the smoke begins to rise—nothing can save him now."

"But we can die too. Let us go—let us go, or I shall go mad."

"He killed my brother, and he loves not me," said Aonetti; "yet I will make one more effort, even though they do spurn me. Stay here, my sister, and I will soon return." Christina had again sunk into a temporary insensibility, which prevented her following.

As the Indian maid approached, she called upon them to stay a moment, ere they lighted the piles. The noise was hushed, by the command of some of the sages who were presiding at this solemn ceremony, for so it was reckoned by the Indians. Aonetti then urged every motive she could think of, to induce them

to spare the two victims. She stated the rewards that would be given, if they carried them to the *Big Hats* at Coaquanock, and the terrible vengeance the white-men would take, when they heard of the sacrifice of their brothers.

"If you spare them," said she, "their friends will ransom them with great kegs of spirits, with tobacco pipes, powder, shot, and every thing you want. If you put them to death, the white-men will find you out one day or other, and then woe to the red-men of the forest—woe to their wives and their children—to themselves and their posterity. Every drop of blood you shed this day, I prophecy, will be repaid with rivers of blood. Spare these white-men, and let the tall youth be unto me the brother I have lost."

"Thou meanest a husband," exclaimed the Indian widow, who had listened with horrible impatience to Aonetti's arguments. "Thou wouldst take to thy arms the white-man whose hands are red with the blood of thine only brother! Shame of thy sex, and shame of the Indian maid! I know thee and thy wishes; I have watched thy tears and thy sighs, thy lonely rambles, thy words, nay, thy very looks. I demand that the shade of my murdered husband, of this wretched girl's murdered brother, of all those who have fallen victims to the cursed arts and bloody policy of the white-men, be appeased, by the sacrifice of these deserters from their adopted tribe. Else, may the wrath of the Great Spirit confound

our tribe, and his malediction sweep you from the earth."

These words were answered by a shout of approbation from the crowd, and followed by the acquiescence of the old men present, who again decided that the ceremony should proceed. It was now one of those bright, clear, still afternoons, which are common in the month of September. There was not a breath of air to curl the river, or wave the leaves of the forest, nor a cloud to be seen in the sky. At this moment, when they were about to set fire to the funeral pile, a sudden burst of thunder, loud and sharp, arrested them. The eyes of all were turned upwards, with a sensation of awe and surprise. From the most enlightened philosopher, down to the most ignorant savage; from man, to the

birds of the air, the beasts of the field, it would seem there is something in the great operations of nature, such as tempests, earthquakes, and thunder storms, that excites the apprehensions, or at least the awe, of both reason and instinct. It is not alone a fear of the effects of these terrible demonstrations of irresistible power, that causes this cowering or elevation of the faculties; it is, that by a direct operation, the mind is led to a contemplation of an infinite Being, by witnessing the display of infinite power.

There was not a cloud to be seen in the sky, and this circumstance occasioned the thunder clap to have the appearance of something altogether supernatural. The fiends who carried the lighted brands to fire the funeral pyres, involuntarily paused, and the Indian

maid, taking advantage of the moment, cried out:

"Hark! the Great Spirit bears testimony against this deed. You heard his voice in the air. It came not from the clouds, for there is not a cloud in the skies. It is the great Master of life that cries out from above against his people that have offended him. In his name I command you to stop—in his name I command you to spare these white-men!"

The figure of the little Indian maid appeared to dilate with the dignity of inspiration. Her eyes were turned in eager gaze towards the heavens, and she seemed as if she actually saw the visible form of the Being whose judgment she had invoked. The frantic rage of the women and boys yielded to the influence

of a superstitious awe. The elders consulted together for a moment, and then decided that the ceremony should be suspended till they could offer a sacrifice, and ascertain the will of the Great Spirit. The crowd then dispersed, disappointed, yet not daring to complain ; and Koningsmarke, with his companion, were again remanded to the place whence they came, after being washed, and permission given to dress themselves. Here they were left, guarded without by sentinels, to await the result of the appeal to the Great Spirit.

CHAPTER V.

Farewell, farewell, my bonny maid,
Whom I no more shall see;
I die, but I am not afraid,
Because I die for thee.
* * * * *

" Then came Shadrach, Meshech, and Abednego.'

Christina passed the interval between the departure and return of the Indian maid, in that state of vague and indefinite horror, in which the human mind, as it were, takes refuge from its miseries. The events of the two preceding days had so harassed her mind, and worn down her strength, as to produce that state of moral and physical weakness, which diminishes the acuteness of suffering, by its very incapacity of resis-

tance. The past, the present, and the future, offered themselves to her mind, rather as horrible visions than as cruel realities; and when she saw the return of Koningsmarke, she hardly comprehended the fact, that he had at least received a temporary reprieve. By degrees, however, the agitation of her mind yielded to an irresistible drowsiness, and supported in the arms of Aonetti, she sunk into a long and quiet sleep, from which she awoke perfectly restored to a distinct comprehension of her present situation.

In the mean time, the old men of the tribes had called their principal priest or conjurer, to take the usual measures for ascertaining the will of the Great Spirit, in relation to the fate of the two whitemen. A fire was kindled on the greens-

ward, around which *Mackate Ockola*, or the Black Gown, danced, and howled, and indulged in every possible contortion of visage, until he had exhausted his strength, and worked up his mind into a species of real, or imaginary, or pretended inspiration. From this he gradually fell into a trance, which lasted about half an hour, during which time the assembled old men sat in a profound and awful silence. At length *Mackate Ockola* seemed to awake, and to remain for a while, staring around, as if unconscious of his situation. Recovering by degrees, he started upon his feet, and cried out in a hollow voice—"I have seen the Great Spirit. He came to me in a dream, in the form of a great eagle, and said, Listen to me, Mackate Ockola, and hear what I will. Many moons

shall not appear and pass away, ere the white-men will grow into numbers like the leaves on the trees. As they grow in numbers, my people will decay and disappear. They will go out like the embers of an almost extinguished fire, until they have no habitations but their graves; and even in these they will not be suffered to rest, for the white-men, not content with what grows on the surface of the earth, will tear up her bosom, and lay your bones bleaching in the sun and the wind, in search of riches and food. The deer will disappear from your forests; the fishes will be shut out from your streams, by these people, who build dams like the beavers; and you will starve on your hunting grounds. You cannot avoid your destiny, but you may delay it, by destroying those, whose

children, if they live, will destroy yours. Go and tell my people, that for every drop of the white-man's blood they shall spare, their children and their children's children will pay a thousand-fold."

This cruel message, the fabrication of the priest, decided the fate of Koningsmarke and the luckless high constable of Elsingburgh. It is impossible for us to tell what were the motives of Mackate Ockola, in his urging the death of the two captives. But it may be observed here, that the early systems of religion, in all nations and countries with which we have any acquaintance, are more or less tinged with blood. Everywhere the priests have demanded victims to propitiate their bloody deities, and everywhere the altars have been funeral pyres. The Mexican priests demanded

human sacrifices; in other places, the blood of animals sufficed; and even among the Bramins, whose religion forbids the shedding of the blood of animals, human victims are encouraged by the priests, to expose themselves to every species of torture at the feast of the Juggernaut, and to offer up their lives on the funeral pile. Superstition and fanaticism, in truth, delight in blood; and in all ages and nations their steps may be traced by that infallible mark. It was reserved for the mild and merciful system of religion under which we live, to banish all atonements of blood, all sacrifices of animals; to make the offerings of the heart a substitute for the torture of victims; and, had not the love of wealth, the lust of power, and the pride of opinion, marred the beautiful

system, so as to wrest its precepts to the purposes of avarice and ambition, it had come down to us, even to this day, without its snow-white surplice being sprinkled with the blood of a single victim. But here, alas! as in all preceding systems of faith, the avarice, the ambition, the bigotry, and the pride of opinion, which seem the besetting sins of man, have exercised their pernicious influence, and, first and last, caused the shedding of more blood than has ever smoked upon all the Pagan altars of the world. Thus has the purest, the most mild, and the most perfect system of humanity ever propounded to mankind, been impiously made the pretext for every species of cruelty and bloodshed; and, what is perhaps still more to be lamented, its divine precept of love to

all our fellow creatures, converted into a warrant, not to say a duty, to hate all those who do not think and believe exactly like ourselves.

But to return from this digression, which we hope the reader will pardon. Koningsmarke and his companions in affliction remained ignorant of the decision we have just recorded. We will not say happily ignorant, since, perhaps, actual certainty would have been preferable to the doubts which harassed their minds. When Christina awoke from her long sleep, with mind and body both invigorated, it was some moments before she came to a full consciousness of her situation. "Where am I?" exclaimed she. "In the arms of thy sister," whispered the Indian maid.

Christina looked around the hut. By the dim light of an almost extinguished fire, she observed two figures in a sitting posture, leaning against the wall. "Who is that?" whispered she to Aonetti.

"It is *he*," replied the Indian maid.

"Oh God! they have spared him then," shrieked poor Christina; "my sister has prevailed, and he is safe!"

"Safe till to-morrow," replied the other.

"No longer?"

"No longer. To-morrow I know not what may become of them. Our priest is to decide, and he never leans to mercy."

Koningsmarke, observing that Christina was awake, called out to her—

"Christina! wilt thou not come near me?"

"Come thou to me," replied she, preserving, in this trying moment, that sentiment of delicate propriety which never forsakes a virtuous female.

"I cannot—I am fastened to this spot."

Christina approached, and, by the light of the fire, perceived he was bound to one of the posts that supported the simple edifice.

"He asks not for me," thought Aonetti, and wept in secret.

In this, which each seemed to have a presentiment was the last hour they should spend together, for the signs of day now began to appear, Koningsmarke and Christina preserved towards each other a deep solemnity of deportment, from which all the little outward endearments of love were banished.

"I have a presentiment," said Koningsmarke, "that thou wilt yet live to be received to the arms of thy father."

"To the arms of my Heavenly Father," returned Christina, "for none other shall I ever behold. If the sun sees thee die this morn at its rising, it will set at night on my breathless corse."

"Nay," returned Koningsmarke, "say not so, my best love. Thou hast motives to live, and duties to perform, when I am gone. Thou hast known me but a little while; thy father thou hast known from the first breath of that life which he gave thee. Return the blessing, and live for him."

"I shall never see him more," cried Christina.

"When I am gone," continued the other, "and when you see your father,

tell him that I remembered his kindness, even when the flaming brand was pointed at my naked throat, and the coals of fire were about being poured on my uncovered head. Tell him that I protected you while I could—that I exposed my life to preserve yours—and that I perished in a last effort to restore you to his arms. Should he ever know what thou knowest, he will forgive me, as thou hast done, for the sake of what I have done and tried to do for thee. Wilt thou bear him this message from me, Christina?"

Christina could not answer, for her emotions almost stopped her breath. Her eyes were dry, but her heart wept tears of blood. For a while she remained insensible in his arms. At that moment the door of the hut was opened,

it being now broad daylight, and Koningsmarke, with his unfortunate companion, whose stupor became every hour more profound, were untied from the post, and conducted out of the hut. The youth motioned to Aonetti, and, pressing the inanimate form of Christina to his heart, as for the last time, imprinted a kiss upon her cold forehead, and gently gave her to the arms of the Indian mai ᵈ.

"Be good to thy sister," whispered he.

"I will—but say good-by to poor Aonetti."

"Good-by—and may thy God and mine bless thee," replied Koningsmarke, and hastily left the place without looking back.

The same preparations we described on the preceding day were renewed, and

the two captives fastened to the stake. The brands were again lighted, the knife and the tomahawk lifted to begin their work, and the revengeful barbarians standing on tiptoe to enter on the bloody business. But again Providence interposed. All at once the hands of the brand-bearers were arrested, and the eyes of every-one turned in a direction towards the river, along whose banks appeared a train of white-men, bearing a white flag, the universal emblem of peace and good-will. As they came nearer, the stiff and stately form of Shadrach Moneypenny, followed by eight or ten others, dressed in broad-brimmed hats, with their arms folded upon their bosoms, were distinguished, walking, with slow and steady pace towards the spot occupied by the old men

of the tribes. They were accompanied by others, bearing a variety of articles of Indian trade. They came in peace, and they were received in peace by the sons of the shade. The policy of William Penn with regard to the Indians, can never be sufficiently praised or admired. From his first arrival at Coaquanock, to the period of his final departure, he preserved peace with the ancient proprietors of the soil and the game, by the simple expedient of dealing with them as if they were his equals. He bought their lands at a price equivalent to the advantages they yielded to the original occupants; restrained his people from all encroachments upon those the Indians thought proper to retain; and so inviolably kept sacred the stipulations of his first purchase, that "it

has been said, with equal truth and bitterness, that "it was the only treaty not ratified by oaths, and the only one that was never violated."

By these means, and by the peaceful deportment of his people on all occasions, William Penn acquired and retained the confidence and good-will of the Indians, in a degree of which there are few examples. Indeed we may safely say, that none, without resorting to the agency of superstition or fear, ever attained so great an influence over the violent, capricious, and intractable tempers of the savages of North America; a singular race, with whom all attempts at civilization only seem to destroy their good qualities, and convert them from barbarians into beasts.

The Big Hats, as the Indians called

them, were not unknown to some of the old men of the tribes, who had treated and traded with them, at Coaquanock, and who now received Shadrach and his suite as old acquaintances. By means of an interpreter, they entered on business forthwith.

"Thou comest as a friend," said Ollentangi.

"Yea, verily," quoth Shadrach; "I come from William Penn, who is the friend of all mankind, of all countries and colours. He hath heard thou hast two white-men, and a maiden with them, taken at the burning of Elsingburgh. Verily that was a bad act, sachems. What had they done unto thee, that thou shouldst set fire to their houses, and carry their women and children into cap-

tivity? had they not buried the hatchet and smoked the calumet with thy tribe?"

"True," replied Ollentangi, "but they had killed our game, and shut out the fish from our rivers, therefore we made war upon them."

"Yea, verily," quoth Shadrach, who, by the way, loved a controversy in a peaceable way, almost as well as William Penn himself—"Yea, verily, but the wild beasts of the forest belong to any body; they are given to all that can catch them. Neither are the fish thine, since they swim through all parts of the great seas, and wherever they will. Until thou shalt catch them they are not thine."

"True," replied Ollentangi, with infinite gravity, "but if the white-man prevents the fish from coming to us,

how can we catch them? We shall starve in the mean while."

"Verily," quoth Shadrach, "I am fain to confess the truth of thy words. There is no argument so strong as necessity. But still thou shouldst not have made war against them for this. Thou shouldst have gone to law, and, peradventure, obliged them in a peaceable manner to break down the obstructions that did prevent the fish from passing upwards."

"True, brother," rejoined Ollentangi—"we have heard something of that same law. It is a contest of talking, and he that talks the longest wins the cause. Now you white men can out-talk us, and we can beat you in fighting. Should we not be great fools,

to choose the former mode of deciding our differences?"

"Yea, I must needs confess of a truth there is some little shadow, as it were, a small modicum of a glimmer of carnal reason in what thou sayest. But verily I must not pretermit the business of my mission, for the two captives are kept all this while in a parlous condition. Art thou ready to hear me in the spirit of peace?"

"Say on—in the spirit of peace," replied Ollentangi.

"In the spirit of peace, then," quoth Shadrach, raising himself on tiptoe, and cocking his beaver, "in the spirit of peace I come from the good William Penn, who is thy friend in the gospel, (and, verily, considering thy Pagan state, out of the gospel likewise,) to say

unto thee thus wise: Listen—I speak his words, and not mine own.

" William Penn hath learned, by means of the (I may say) providential agency of a certain profane tie-wig, (which, judging from the bald pate of yon captive, must have appertained unto him,) that the people, (meaning thee,) calling themselves (as I may say, idly and profanely,) the Muskrats and Mud-Turtles, are in possession of certain two white-men (who, I am inclined to believe, must be those tied to the stake close by,) together, with a young maiden, daughter to him who calleth himself the Heer Piper, (who I must aver to be somewhat of an uncourteous little man,) all three carried away captives from the village of Elsingburgh. Now thus saith

William Penn: inasmuch as thou lovest good watch-coats, he hath sent thee a score of these; and inasmuch as thou lovest glass beads, and other pernicious vanities of the flesh, (to say nothing of the devil,) he hath sent thee ten strings of these, wherewith to pamper the pride of thy ears and noses; and inasmuch as thou lovest tobacco, he hath sent thee threescore and ten tin tobacco boxes, filled with that egregious puffardo, called tobacco, (which, by the way, I should hold in singular abomination, were it not that it was hated by James, called the First, that enemy to the saints). For all which good things, William Penn, as aforesaid, asketh nothing but the freedom of the three aforesaid captives, that they may be delivered to their friends."

"Brother," quoth an old Indian, 'brother, thou hast forgotten one part of William Penn's message."

"Yea, verily!" replied Shadrach, "what is that?"

"It runneth thus," replied the Indian: "And inasmuch as thou lovest strong liquors, William Penn hath sent thee two kegs of brandy, wherewith to get right merry, and drink his health."

"Of a certainty, Muskrat," said Shadrach, "the truth is not in thee; for my message hath nothing of such import appertaining to its contents. William Penn dealeth not in rum, brandy, or any other liquid abominations; neither is he moved by any kind of spirit but that of righteousness. But do ye straightway consult together what answer I am to bear with me to Coaquanock."

While the old men were consulting, Shadrach, like a redoubtable plenipotentiary, caused the watch coats, the glass beads, and the tobacco boxes, to be ostentatiously displayed before the longing eyes of the savages. The more they looked, the more they waxed willing to surrender the captives, until at length Ollentangi announced to Shadrach, that they had no objection to make the exchange; provided the widow, who, as affianced to Koningsmarke, ought to have a voice in his disposal, gave her consent. But that notable virago, on being applied to, flatly refused to sanction the treaty, and loudly demanded the sacrifice of her ungrateful slave, who had scorned her love, and forsaken her for a whey-faced girl. Hereupon, Shadrach Moneypenny drew from his pouch a

beautiful string of sky-blue glass beads, which he courteously and gallantly tied about the neck of the inexorable widow. He then produced a small looking-glass, whice he held up before her, that she might see herself thus apparelled, making her understand, at the same time, that these things should be hers, provided she would consent to the reprieve of Koningsmarke. The widow's heart was melted; she acquiesced in the freedom of her allianced husband, and departed, with a delighted heart, to contemplate herself and her beads in her looking-glass.

No obstacle now remained to the release of the two captives, who had listened to this negociation with a breathless solicitude. They were accordingly untied, washed, dressed, and

conducted to the hut where we left Christina and the Indian maid. The meeting between the former and Koningsmarke, after such a parting as we have described, was accompanied by feelings that, though repressed by the presence of the strangers, may be easily imagined. Immediate preparations were made for their departure, lest the savages might repent their bargain, after the novelty of possessing the coats, beads, and tin boxes had passed away. Poor Aonetti was quite broken hearted at the parting with her sister. She would have accompanied her, but was prevented by her mother and friends. Christina, too, could not, in the midst of the new visions of joyous hope that danced before her fancy, forget the gentle kindnesses, the sisterly affection of

the little Deer Eyes. But a secret feeling which she could not repress, prevented her encountering the idea of Aonetti accompanying her to Elsingburgh. She therefore embraced her with tears, kissed her cheek, and bade her sometimes remember her sister Mimi. "Ah!" replied the artless maid, "I know I should, I ought to be happy, for you and he will be happy; but I shall be so miserable when you are gone, that I shall soon die.—I could have borne his death, for we would have mourned together; but I cannot survive his departure with you." Shadrach now summoned his troop, and the procession departed from the village, to return no more.

Before we conclude this book, it may be proper to explain the causes

which led to the release of our three captives. The circumstance may serve to show on what trifling chances the fate of individuals sometimes turns. The Indian belonging to the village on the Ohio, destroyed as we have related, by the Muskrats and Mud-Turtles, who had obtained possession of Lob Dotterel's wig, some time afterwards visited Coaquanock, and carried that great medicine with him. As may naturally be supposed, such an appendage excited no little curiosity on the part of the Big Hats; and a correspondent of the Royal Society of England, just then established, set about preparing a memoir upon the subject, wherein he intended to prove, that some of the Indian tribes wore wigs. Subsequent inquiry, however, fully elucidated the

phenomenon, and the learned person threw his memoir into the fire. The wig made no little noise in the new world, insomuch that some of the villagers occasionally neglected their own affairs, to talk on the subject. But the good William Penn, putting all the circumstances together, had little doubt that the wig was connected with the fate of the captives of Elsingburgh. With that humanity which characterized all his actions, he lost no time in preparing the mission of Shadrach Moneypenny, which happily resulted in the redemption of our three captives, as we have just related.

We must not omit mentioning, that the likely fellow, Cupid, of whom we have of late said nothing, because we had nothing to say, also accompanied

Shadrach, somewhat against his will. He had lived a life of perfect freedom and idleness, two things equally dear to his condition and colour, the savages permitting him to lounge about, and sun himself as much as he pleased. Cupid, in the elevation of his heart, at thus seeing himself turned gentleman, and his old enemy, Lob Dotterel, oblig-ed to labour for his behoof, one day in-cautiously let out a secret, which he might better have kept, as it led to consequences that finally involved not only himself in destruction, but caused also the death of his grandmother, the sybil of the Frizzled Head.

Omitting, at least for the present, the principal incidents which befel Shadrach and his party on their return to Coaqua-nock, we shall merely remark, that ho-

nest Lob Dotterel continued, during the whole journey, stupified with the vicissitudes he had encountered within a short time past. Nor did he exhibit any sign of consciousness till, on his arrival at this renowned settlement, his wrath was suddenly enkindled, at seeing a knot of little children making dirt pies in the middle of the street. Hereupon the soul of the high constable of Elsingburgh, suddenly awaked to a perception of passing objects; and he threatened roundly to commit the juvenile offenders.

END OF VOL. II.

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